CALIGULA.

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the *Theatre Royal*,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. *Crowne*.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Orme*, for *R. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and sold by *Percivil Gilborne*, at the *Harrow*, at the corner of *Chancery-Lane*, and *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys* in St. *Martins-Lane*, near *Long-Acre*. 1698.

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To the Right Honourable

HENRY Earl of RUMNEY,

Maſter-General of the Ordnance, Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports, Gentleman of His Majeſty's Bed Chamber, and one of the Lords of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

My Lord,

AN addreſs of this kind, from a Man ſo idle and unuſefull as I am, is at all times unſeaſonable; to a Perſon, whom the Wiſdom o' the King, and the good Fortune o' the Kingdom, employ in ſo many great Affairs, as take up your Lordſhips hours. But it can never be more out of time, than now; when your Lordſhip is in ſorrow, for the loſs of your Brother, the late great Earl of *Leiceſter*, who mourns not, that knew him? All that knew him, lov'd him, if they lov'd mankind; for, a greater Example of humanity, the World, I believe, has ſeldom found. All honour'd him, that knew him, if they valued Truth and Wiſdom: ſo much good ſence fell from him, in his common Converſation, that none convers'd with him, but were both Entertain'd and Improv'd, if they were capable of it. And, no doubt, many great Men were the greater for his Acquaintance; and thus, tho' in a private Life, he influenc'd the publick: and the whole Kingdom was the better for him. Some ſurvive themſelves, and their Underſtandings die before 'em. His mind retain'd its wonderfull vigor to the laſt: He was pleaſant to all, when years and pains had taken all pleaſures from him, but what he found in doing good of his bounty, I have often ſhar'd, and ſo have many more. And, I was always extreamly proud of any marks of favour from ſuch an impartial and diſcerning

Judge. I cou'd dwell on ſo pleaſing a ſubject, as the extraordinary Qualities of this great Nobleman: but ſince, Providence has taken him from the World, to number up his deſerts and vertues were but to ſet before your Lordſhip your loſſes, and the misfortunes of the Kingdom. Now I am entring on another copious ſubject; what does this Kingdom owe your Lordſhip? you have been in ſeveral Reigns, one of the greateſt Ornaments of *England*: but you have of late been one of its fortunate preſervers: your Lordſhip was an eminent Inſtrument in this Revolution, which has been ſo happy to *England*, and the greateſt part of *Europe*. Had not this change been, almoſt all *Europe* had been overrun by *France*; *England*, for certain, had loſt its Rights, Liberties, and Religion, and perhaps, been no more a Kingdom, but a Province to *France*, a Vaſſal to Vaſſals, and for all its Wealth had nothing but a Wafer. What cou'd have ſtop'd that inundation of power, which was rolling on, and ſwelling as it roll'd, delug'd many parts of *Europe*, and threatned all? What cou'd a formidable Fleet and Army, almoſt innumerable, have ask'd of a few divided Counſellors, at *White-hall*, which they durſt have deny'd? And what a glorious figure does *England* now make, in compariſon of what it did ſome years ago? It lay one Reign becalm'd in Luxury: In another Fetter'd: In this Reign it has not only freed it ſelf, but humbled *France*, and protected *Germany*, *Spain*, and *Holland*, and appears one of the greateſt Powers in Chriſtendom. How much then is owing to your Lordſhip, by whoſe Wiſdom, and Courage, this Revolution was contriv'd and carry'd on; in a Reign, when the leaſt oppoſition to unlimited power, was judg'd an unpardonable Crime? But, I may quit this ſubject, ſince what your Lordſhip has done, will make a noble part of *Engliſh* Hiſtory. In this Play, I ſet Tyranny before the Eyes of the World, and the dreadfull Conſequences of lawleſs and boundleſs power. But ſome wou'd not have the World frightned with ſuch a Figure nor an Image of a Government profan'd, which they adore: 'Tis well for 'em, that they worſhip an unknown God. If their Dwellings and Eſtates, (if they have any) lay in the reach of a mighty Prince, whoſe Will is Law, I believe, they wou'd be glad if they were ſecur'd from Forreign Invaſions, by the *Engliſh* Seas; and from boundleſs power at home, by *Engliſh* Laws. I have ſuffer'd ſeverely, and therefore may be allow'd to ſpeak. The Favour, or rather Authority, which a mighty Neighbouring Kingdom, had in our Court ſome years ago, got my Inheritance, which, tho' it lay in the Deſarts of *America*, would

have

have enabled me (if I cou'd have kept it) to have liv'd at my eaſe in theſe beautifull parts o' the World; the loſs of it has made *England* a Deſart to me. No wonder then if I am pleaſed with the Succeſſes of our Wiſe and Valiant King, who was born to free and do juſtice to oppreſt mankind: and, I hope, to my ſelf. And now, I doubt not, but your Lordſhip, who has been ſo inſtrumental in preſerving and eſtabliſhing the Liberties of all *Engliſhmen*, will alſo permit a Poet to enjoy Poetick Liberties. I mean, that leave which has been long granted, of addreſſing to ſuch great Men as your Lordſhip, for your Favour and Protection. I need Encouragement from others, becauſe I have none from my ſelf. No Man can have a meaner opinion of me, than I have of my ſelf. I am oppreſt by my ſelf, I will not ſay by my modeſty, for modeſty is a vertue; and modeſty and boaſting are inconſiſtent; my fortune has long languiſhed under an unmanly ſpiritleſs temper of mind, which makes me rather chooſe to ſuffer than give trouble to any: nay, than to ſeek the favour of thoſe, who take a pleaſure in obliging. A Poet may very well hope for Patronage from a Nobleman, who is of the blood of Sir *Philip Sidney*. And I have found your Lordſhip ready to aſſiſt me: your Lordſhip addreſt to the late Queen of ever-bleſſed Memory, in my behalf. And, by your interceſſion, I had a large ſhare of her Princely Bounty: and, no doubt, I ſhou'd have had more, if *England* had longer enjoy'd her. And now, my Lord, I humbly beg your Lordſhips favour, not for this Play, but my ſelf: at leaſt, that I may have leave thus publickly to honour my ſelf, with the Title of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

Moſt humble and

Moſt thankfull Servant.

John Crowne

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

I *Cannot blame the World for any unkindneſs I receive from it, I ſeldom make any court to it. And I have ſo much affected retirement and ſollitude, that a Writing of mine, like an Inſcription on a Wall, at* Belſhazzar's *Feaſt, comes from an unſeen Scribe. And the Judgment paſt on* Balſhazzar, *and my Emperor is in ſome meaſure the ſame :* Thou art weigh'd in the balance, and art found too light. *Many ſay, there is more levity in the Character of this Emperor, that ſuits with the dignity of ſo great a Prince, and the gravity of Tragedy. But with what does the Emperor ſport himſelf ? with the honour of Women, the fortune and lives of Men, and the ruin of Nations. And I thought there was ſo much good nature among mankind, that Spectators would have trembled, when they ſaw Kings and Kingdoms, forc'd to yield up their Rights, Religions, Laws, and Gods, to the Luſts and Frenzies of a young fantaſtical Tyrant, and all the World at the diſpoſal of a mad Man. But to pleaſe, I ſhou'd have ſhewn a more beautifull figure. So I have in* Valerius *and many other Characters in this Play. I have alſo beautified the Emperor's Character, and all parts of the Play, with as much good Senſe and Poetry as are in any of my writings : For I will compare my ſelf only with my ſelf. And few of my contemporaries have pleas'd the World much more than I have done, both in Tragedy and Comedy. But many ſay, the Play*

wants

wants Plot; I confeſs, I think it does. I have put little more into the Play, than what I found taken out of Hiſtory. All the Characters and moſt of the Events in the Play, I have taken out of Hiſtory; and I have made as lively Images, of what I found there, as I believe can be done by any Man. This was unknown, it ſeems, to a great part of my Auditrce, therefore they condemn'd the Character of Vitellius; *his flattery to the Emperor and courtſhip to the Empreſs: particularly his begging a Sandal of hers, as a reward for his Services, and when he had it, his carrying it in his boſome, and ſometimes kiſſing it. This was a Complement he made to* Meſſalina, *the belov'd Lewd Wife of the Emperor* Claudius. *By his flattery and addreſſes in the Reigns of three or four bloody Tyrants, he kept himſelf not only ſafe and whole; but raiſed his fortunes to ſuch a heighth, that his Son* Aulus Vitellius, *who had not one good quality, came to be Emperor of* Rome. *I thought moſt Gentlemen had more skill in Hiſtory, Poetry, Courtſhip, and Addreſs to Greatneſs than I perceive they have. But, I will not farther diſpleaſe by contending. I confeſs, I wrote this Play, when I was under great diſorder, not in mind. For I never lov'd much any part of this World, but a Friend, and merit in a Friend or Enemy. I never ſought more than the bare conveniencies of life. But want of health makes life it ſelf an inconvenience. I have for ſome few years been diſorder'd with a Diſtemper, which ſeated it ſelf in my head, threatned me with an Epilepſie, and frequently took from me not only all ſenſe, but almoſt all ſigns of life, and in my intervals I wrote this Play. Therefore if it have any Wit or Poetry in it, I wonder how they came there. But many of the firſt rank, both for Quality and Underſtanding, have ſaid they were pleaſed with it, and therefore I value it. Now I will ſay one word in defence of my Morals.*

I cannot but take notice of ſome lines I have read in the Preface to the Poem call'd King Authur, *where the World is told, that all who have written before the Author of the* Mourning-Bride, *may be aſham'd, ſince for want of a Genius, they have depended on bawdy for their ſucceſs on the Stage. I much commend that Gentleman's deſign of Reforming the Stage from Obcenity, Immorality, and Profaneneſs; But I wiſh he had taken more care of his Pen: I mean not in his Poem. I will not quarrel with that, if it gave me cauſe. In my notes on a Play call'd the* Empreſs of Morocco (*I call 'em mine becauſe above three parts of four were written by me*) *I gave vent to more ill-nature in me than I will do again. But I am ſorry that the Learned Author of* King Authur, *who labours ſo commendably for Vertue and Morality in Plays, ſhould ſet an ill Example, and injure Truth and*

the

the Reputation of his Brethren. Many of my Plays have been very successfull, and yet clean. Sir Courtly Nice, *was as fortunate a Comedy, as has been written in this Age; and* Sir Courtly *is as nice and clean in his Conversation, as his Diet and Dress. And Surly, though he affects ill manners in every thing else is not guilty of obscene talk. I have fallen, (I confess) in other Plays of mine, into a worse fault. I have, in my* Jerusalems, *made too beautifull an Image of an Atheist; and Atheism appears too reasonable and lovely. I am sorry there should be any thing under my hand, in defence of such a false, pernicious, and detestable an opinion: Some endeavour to clear me of the guilt, and wou'd perswade the World they were written by a Noble and Excellent Wit, the late E. of R——But they were Printed long before my Lord died; his Lordship in his Poem, call'd* the Sessions of Poets, *charges me not with theft, but my Scenes with dulness and want of Wit and Poetry, which he wou'd not have done, if they had been his own. But since there is too much Atheism in those Plays, I am content they shou'd be thought not mine, or not good. I had rather have no Wit, no Being, than employ any part of it against him that gave it.*

ACT the First.

SCENE the Imperial Palace in *ROME.*

Enter, at ſeveral doors, Valerius Aſiaticus, *and* Annius Minutianus.

Val. A. MY noble Lord *Minutianus*,
I'm glad to ſee ſo good a Man alive,
And wonder at it; for as the times are,
When any good great Man has a new day,
He has new life, at leaſt a new reprieve;
For by the Emperor he's decreed to die.

An. M. Indeed, my Lord, ev'ry new day to me
Seems a new pleaſing ſhining Prodigy:
I lift my eyes with wonder at the Sun,
Nor look to ſee him more when day is done;
And when night comes, I am awhile afraid
I'm not alive, but in th' Infernal ſhade.

Val. A. Caſar has broke the Fortunes, and the Hearts
Of half the World; Men are but half alive.

An. M. Sometimes your Lordſhip gives our hearts ſome hope,
But then your League with *Caſar* frightens us.

Val. A. Oh! two proud Men to Friendſhip ne'r encline;
You may as well two lofty Mountains join.
If cloſe in League *Caſar* and I appear,
It is becauſe you do not ſee us near.
So when imperfectly remotely ſeen,
Two Mountains on each other ſeem to lean;
Approach 'em near, you'll find 'em wondrous wide,
Int'reſt and Nature do the great divide:
Pride is a friendleſs Vice, and foe to Pride.
I've had ſucceſs in War, and got renown;
And *Caſar* hates all glory but his own.

[*Enter* Caſſius Cheræa *viewing himſelf in a Pocket Looking-glaſs.*
Why, how now *Caſſius?*

Ca. Ch. My moſt noble Lord!

Val. A. Examining thy Figure in a Glaſs?

That Glaſs is a diſſembler, *Caſſius*.
Thou wou'dſt not love it if it told thee truth,
For then the ſhadow on that Dial ſhewn,
Wou'd let thee know thy Sun is going down:
Th'art in thy fall, witneſs thy falling hair,
Yet thou wou'dſt paſs for young with all the fair.
Oh! *Caſſius!* thou haſt wander'd far from Youth,
And thy young dreſs tells ſcandalous untruth.
That th'art in heart a Hector, who wou'd gueſs,
Whilſt th'art a wanton *Paris* in thy dreſs?
Paris was not accoutred with ſuch Art,
Thy habit is a Libel on thy Heart.

An. M. Oh! but a Manly daring Soul lurks deep,
Under this gentle Lady, like outſide;
Which *Ceſar* takes a pleaſure to deride.

Val. A. Nay, *Ceſar* ought to ſpare him allow,
Ceſar's grave only in his frowning brow:
He folds his brow in frowns; had he his will,
Baſilisk-like he'd with his aſpect kill.
But this fierce Monarch, in unmanly dreſs,
Is oft extravagant to mad exceſs.
His Robes, like Chryſtal waves, around him flow,
At once his Limbs and Luſts they lewdly ſhew.
His only coverings, in his wild attire,
Are blazing Gems, which make him ſeem o'fire.
His wriſts in Bracelets far out-ſhine the Stars;
You'd think 'em Comets, and fear Plagues and Wars.

An. M. Ay, and his Sandals powder'd o'r with Gems,
Exceed in ſplendor Regal Diadems.

Val. A. They are ſo wondrous ſoft, and eaſie too,
He feels the ground no more than if he flew.

Ca. Ch. Dreſſes are Politicks of Love; he's wiſe,
And ſteals to hearts of Ladies, through their Eyes.

Val. A. Were *Caſſius* led to die, he'd die well dreſs'd,
To leave a Dart in ev'ry Ladies breaſt;
And to his death he'd gracefully advance,
As if he only lead a ſolemn Dance.
And loſs of life wou'd grieve him leſs, he'll own,
Than loſs of love; the dead are lov'd by none.

Ca. Ch. No, from dead Lovers living beauties fly,
And ſoon let all remembrance of 'em die,
Our Images for years in Marble ſtay;
Our Images in Hearts ſcarce laſt a day.

Val. A. Well *Caſſius*, though you ſoft and frail appear,
Caſſius is hardy, valiant, and ſincere:

Calm

Calm to a Friend, a tempeſt to a Foe,
With his hand active, though in ſpeech he's ſlow.
He fights as if he had a thouſand Lives,
But for preferment modeſtly he ſtrives.
In Court he yields, in danger leads the way;
Wins, yet can ſcarce be ſaid to gain the day.
Of ſpeech he's ſparing, lib'ral of his bloud;
To all, but to himſelf, he's juſt and good.

Ca. Ch. This from your Lordſhip? I am over-paid
For all I've done.

Val. A. No, there are great Arrears
Due to thy Fortune, and thy Honour both,
Injur'd by *Caſar*.

Ca. Ch. I am wounded by him,
In a more tender part, my Conſcience;
He often forces me, to ruine thoſe
Whom I am bound in conſcience to defend.
The fortunes, nay, the fleſh I'm forc'd to rend
Of thoſe, who have no faults, but Wealth or Power;
And thus my ſelf I torture ev'ry hour.
For all the miſeries I impoſe, I feel;
And my heart bleeds when guiltleſs blood I ſpill.
Becauſe I faintly act this cruel part,
Caſar is pleas'd to ſay I want a Heart,
And has my tenderneſs in great diſdain;
He thinks I'm not a Man, becauſe Humane.

Val. A. Nay, *Caſar* counts humanity a crime:
Well *Caſſius*, you may have redreſs in time.

[*Several go over the Stage, carrying Robes and Crowns.*

Behold a fooliſh oſtentatious ſhew,
Of Robes and Crowns, won in the *German* War;
Not by the Valour of the Emperor,
He never ſtoops in Perſon to ſubdue,
He fights by Proxy, as great Princes wooe.
He dares not look on War; awhile ago,
He march'd to'ards War, and made a noiſe and ſhew,
Which through the *German* Woods a horror ſpread;
The haſty *Rhine* to Sea more ſwiftly fled.
He had two Armies.

Ca. Ch. No, my Lord, but one.

Val. A. Yes, *Caſſius*, I lead gallant Men, and *Caſar*
A flying Camp of ranting Concubines,
Who flam'd, and gave a luſtre to the day;
No Meteors were ſo bright, or hot as they.

Caſſ. Ch. Ay, but my Lord, theſe falling Stars, 'tis known,
Though bright aloft, are Jellies when they're down.

Val. A. That you have often found; now what became
Of this Bravado, and attempt on Fame?
It dwindled to a Farce, and fooliſh Scene;
For his Light-Horſe, light Concubines I mean,
With *Caſar* in their head began to fly,
On the firſt News the enemy drew nigh:
To look on a brave Foe they durſt not ſtay,
The *German* Trumpets blew 'em all away.
An. M. They have ſome wounds I'm told.
Val. A. In Fame they have,
And ſcratches which the Quick-ſet Hedges gave.
Caſar is often prancing, on the Road
To War, but long e'r danger is abroad.
Like a hot early Spring he oft ſets forth,
Not to enrich, adorn, but blaſt the Earth;
Whilſt ſweet young Beauties, in their lovely *May*,
Like bloſſoms round him blow, but far more gay:
And when approaching dangers rudely threat
The ſplendid Prince, he and his buds retreat;
He wiſely keeps in War a Regal State,
Makes danger from himſelf at diſtance wait,
But with ſtiff pride enters an empty Town,
His Troops have won, and aſſumes their renown.
Ca. Ch. Second-hand Glory appears ſomewhat bear.
Val. A. Second-hand Cloaths he may as proudly wear.
With all their Lawrels then a Prince is crown'd,
Who ne'r ſaw fight, nor felt a noble wound.
Wounds he has had, but they were all behind,
For yet his face danger cou'd never find;
But he'll triumph in Perſon, o'r the bold,
For Victories he never durſt behold.
Now in triumphal pomp he enters *Rome*,
Leading thoſe chain'd he durſt not overcome.
And now who dares but in a look betray,
The leaſt contempt of this illuſtrious day,
Sacred to th' honour of th' Imperial Sword,
And the vaſt pride of our vain-glorious Lord?
An. M. You of his pride and vanity complain;
Oh! wou'd to heaven he were only vain.
But he has Vices I abhor to name;
They cover me with everlaſting ſhame.
His Siſters were all wonderfully fair;
Part of that beauty I deſir'd to ſhare.
The youngeſt then ſeem'd to have ev'ry grace;
Her beauty gave a luſtre to her race.
I humbly begg'd his leave for an addreſs,
And angry Heaven curs'd me with ſucceſs.

I got his Sister, and let that suffice
To express all the plagues Hell can devise.
By Heavens, he whor'd her on the Bridal Night;
Nay, which is more, he whor'd her in my sight.
Val. A. She was his Sister I may safely swear;
No race besides affords so lewd a pair.
Enter Vitellius *sad and drooping.*
I pity this great Man, in War he's brave,
In Court he is a cautious fawning slave.
Cas. Ch. He views the ground with a dejected eye.
Val. A. And with good reason he expects to die.
An. M. For what offence? He has rul'd *Syria* well,
And humbled haughty Kings who durst rebel;
As Fame reports.
Val. A. Court deeps but few can sound;
Tyrants and Priests in mysteries abound.
Perhaps their Arts will not the light endure,
They strike most awe, like Temples, when obscure.
This sad and thoughtful Hero lets approach,
Try if his painful wounds will bear the touch.
My Lord *Vitellius*, you seem full o' care,
And out of *Asia* bring a cloudy air,
Which weighs your Eye-lids down; what shou'd it mean?
You fortunes has been smiling and serene,
And yet you sigh as if your heart wou'd break.
Vit. My Lord, I'm bruis'd, I have scarce strength to speak;
I've had a fall, which makes my Vitals bleed.
I fell from Heaven.
Val. That's a high fall indeed.
Vit. From *Cæsar*'s favour. (*He bows low.*)
Val. A. Why de'ye bend so low?
Vit. To *Cæsar*'s Image in my thoughts I bow.
[*He always bows when he names* Cæsar.
I honour my own thoughts when *Cæsar*'s there,
And when he's nam'd, I reverence the air,
And lowly towards the awful sound encline;
The air is then, methinks, a holy shrine.
Val. A. Your prudent, courtly temper, I commend,
But I had rather make proud Monarchs bend,
And with crown'd Victims my devotions pay;
So I wou'd worship *Cæsar* ev'ry day,
And now bring Princes to adore his Throne.
Cæsar's my Prince——
Vit. And God.——
Val. A. Well, that I own.
To *Cæsar* I'll not grudge a pompous word;
And how he pleases he shall be ador'd. [*Shouts.*]

Vit.

Vit. These shouts tell joyful news, that *Cæsar*'s nigh;
Oh! I've his glorious person in my eye.
His glitt'ring Chariot is of beaten Gold;
But in himself I Nature's pomp behold.
The bounteous Monarch, as he rides along,
Rains silver show'rs on the admiring throng.

Val. A. Bribes to the Rabble; that a Prince so proud, [*Aside to*
Shou'd stoop to purchase flattery from the croud; An. M.
From all bold Foes, but flatterers, he flies;
Flattery is a part of his high Luxuries,
And none can be too fulsome for his taste;
Thus Wit, and Gold, and Blood, we vainly waste.

An. M. Rome pours into the Court a dazling Croud,
With an illustrious stream 'tis overflow'd.
I dare not shew my self in *Cæsar*'s sight;
My Lords farewel, may Fortune do you right. [*Ex.*

Enter Caligula, Cesonia, *Attendants, Guards.* Val. A. *and* Vit. *retire at a distance.* Cass. Ch. *mingles with the Guard.*

Ces. Welcome to *Rome* once more, my *Mars*, my *Jove*;
Welcome from War, to Luxury and Love.
Well, I am pleas'd to find they've taken care
To fill the Palace with a fragrant air.

Cal. I have bestow'd more odours, on these Rooms,
Than won'd, I think, perfume a thousand Tombs.

Ces. Sir, why do you name Tombs?

Cal. Does it become
A Heroin, to startle at a Tomb?

Ces. Nay, I cou'd dwell with pleasure, on the Graves
Of *Cæsar*'s Foes, or his rebellious Slaves.
I've a nice Nostril, with rich perfumes fed,
The least offensive vapour strikes me dead.
I can endure no sweets but what excel;
Yet of dead enemies I like the smell.

Cal. Well, if dead enemies can entertain,
Thou hast been gratify'd this last Campagne.
[Val. *comes forwards, and bows low*
What wou'd you have *Valerius*?

Val. A. What you please;
I am attending, Sir, on your decrees.

Vit. *comes forward, bows low, then covers his head and face with his Robe, turns round, then prostrates himself on the ground.*

Vit. Cæsar, Victorious, Gracious, Pious, Wise,
The noblest pleasure of our thoughts and eyes;
Scourge of the proud, relief of all the oppress'd;
Cæsar, of Gods, the greatest and the best.

At *Cæſar*'s feet, I humbly proſtrate lie,
To live his Vaſſal, or his Victim die.
But I wou'd live (if that might be allow'd)
To pay thoſe Off'rings I've to *Cæſar* vow'd;
Thoſe Divine Honours are to *Cæſar* due,
The only God that ſtoops to humane view.
Ceſ. Sir, in no Mortal all perfections dwell,
They've both been faulty, but they've both done well.
That Lord in *Germany* has Battels won; [*Pointing to* Val.
This made the *Parthian* King leave *Babylon*, [*Pointing to* Vit.
Croſs his *Euphrates*, and his ſwelling pride,
To pay thoſe Honours he till then deny'd,
Cæſar's Divine protection to implore,
His Eagles, and his Images adore.
Vit. Madam, the glory wholly I diſclaim,
To *Cæſar*'s Divine Genius be the fame.
Ceſ. Let 'em once more in *Cæſar*'s favour riſe,
For all that honour him I highly prize.
Cal. Thy Will is irreſiſtible, like Fate;
What makes me love thee at ſo mad a rate?
Live both in the Commands you had before;
Now is there any thing you wou'd have more?
[Vit. *riſes and bows low.*
Vit. To kiſs your ſacred feet we beg your leave.
[Cal. *offers his foot with ſcorn.*
With humble thanks the bounty we receive.
Val. A. We muſt give thanks for ſuch affronts as theſe;
And proudly humbling us below our knees. [*Aſide.*
[*Both kiſs the Emperor's Sandal.*
Vit. Oh! how the World is with an Emp'ror bleſt;
May I preſume to make one more requeſt?
Cal. What is it? ſpeak.
Vit. The honour, Sir, to kiſs
Th' Empreſſes Sandal; — but 'tis too much bliſs.
Alas! I am afraid, I've been too bold.
Cal Lucius, your Lips are common, I am told;
Oft to the Sandals of the fair you bend,
And to your joys from thoſe low Stairs aſcend.
Vit. Light, Sir, is common, ſo is vital air,
And often kiſs the Sandals of the fair.
Cal. Well *Lucius*, I am in good humour now,
And the great honour you have begg'd beſtow.
Let 'em adore you, Madam, at your feet.
Vit. Oh! bounteous Prince!
Oh! Empreſs! heavenly ſweet, [*He kiſſes the Empreſſes Sandal;*
ſo does Val.
Cal.

Cal. Come, you wou'd try my bounty once again ;
Speak boldly, Man, I'm in the giving vein.
Vit. I'd beg the ſhell of that delicious fruit,
A Sandal ſweetned by that beauteous foot.
Cal. Go fetch him one with ſpeed. [*Ex. a Lady.*
Vit. Tranſporting joy !
For ſuch a gracious God, who would not die ?
[*The Lady enters, and gives* Vit. *a Sandal.*
Oh ! 'twill recal my youth, perfume my breath,
Reſtore my health when I am ſick to death.
Nay, when I'm dead, make life in me return ;
I ſhall, to kiſs it, leap out of my Urn.
Cal. I once look'd round me as I paſs'd along,
And near me I obſerv'd a mutt'ring throng,
And in their looks ſaw diſcontent appear,
Which grudg'd my pomp, as if it coſt too dear.
Do not they know, that *Caſar* cannot brook
The leaſt offence, but in a word or look ?
They who will live, muſt not with *Caſar* ſtrive,
Or dare to let me know they are alive,
Till my commands enliven, and inſpire,
And warm their boſoms, like *Promethian* fire.
Rome to amazing Inſolence is grown ;
No doubt, one ſpirit runs through all the Town.
Since *Rome* has but one proud rebellious Soul,
Which dares preſume my pleaſures to controul,
And in my pomp give me a ſecret check,
Wou'd to the Gods all *Rome* had but one Neck,
That I might cut of millions at a blow ;
Chærea, fling 'em to my Lions, go.
Caſſ Ch. Whom ſhall I fling ?
Cal. The Rogues I nam'd of late ;
I'll ſilence Villains who preſume to prate.
Caſſ. Ch. Sir, on my knees ——
Cal. I know thou art afraid ;
Fear not the ſtubborn Rogues, thou ſhalt have aid.
Beſides they are in Fetters.
Caſſ. Ch. So am I.
Sir, from arm'd enemies I wou'd not fly ;
But from obeying ſuch ſevere commands,
Humanity and pity bind my hands.
Cal. Haſt thou humanity, thou fearful ſlave ?
No, thou art not a Man, becauſe not brave.
Val. A. Sir, I have found him brave.
Cal. So have not I,
The Coward dares not ſee another die ;

When

When I have forc'd him to ſtrike off a Head,
The executed wretch look'd not ſo dead.
Begone. [*Ex.* Caſſ. Ch.
Val. A. Forgive me, Sir, if I am bold,
And the dark thoughts of mutt'ring *Rome* unfold.
Sir, you engage in Wars, which coſt you dear;
But, Sir, no reaſons for thoſe Wars appear.
Cal. Muſt I give reaſons, Sir, for my Decrees?
I may do what I pleaſe, with whom I pleaſe.
Perhaps I burn proud Towns, and ſlaughter Men,
Only to pleaſe my humour, Sir—what then?
When wild Convulſions divide ſtreams from Springs,
Roul Hills o'r Hills, the Rabble o'r their King;
Lift Common-wealths to Realms, ſink Realms to States;
What are all theſe, but Gambols o' the Fates?
But to eternal Glory I addreſs
In all my Wars, with infinite ſucceſs.
I, for my Glory, ſeize on Regal Crowns;
To make my Glory blaze, burn wealthy Towns.
The Gods, for Glory, Worlds from Chaos won;
The Gods, for Glory, kindled up the Sun,
And ſet that noble part of Heaven o' fire;
I'm hourly urg'd by ſuch Divine deſire.
Ceſ. Inglorious Princes are but half alive,
And want a ſence worth all the other five.
Val. A. The Pris'ners, Sir, whom you have doom'd to bleed,
Have begg'd of me that I wou'd interceed,
Sir, with appeals to Heav'n, they all declare
They mutter'd nothing, but a Loyal Prayer
For bleſſings, on your Perſon, and your Crown,
And admiration of your great renown.
Cal. Am I delighted with a Fool's applauſe?
No more, by *Jove*, than were I prais'd by Daws.
Val. A. Sir, theſe Mens lives are below your regard,
They've ſent Petitions; Sir, ſhall they be heard?
Cal. Ay—Sing 'em.
Val. A. Sing 'em? I've no skill in Song;
I ne'r ſo idly, Sir, employ my Tongue.
Ceſ. Then were I *Ceſar*, I wou'd have no ear;
I wou'd no troubleſome Petitions hear,
Unleſs ſung to me with harmonious Ayres.
Cal. Prieſts ſing, and make an Opera of their Prayers.
Val A. Sir, one thing more: I'm told by common Fame,
From empty Bowels many murmurs came.
The laſt Campagne trod all our Harveſts down;
And all the Horſes, in or near the Town,

You preſs'd, to bring th' Imperial Treaſures home:
Therefore the Farmers cannot furniſh *Rome*,
With what ſupplies they're able to afford;
And here our Granaries are all devour'd.
And thus, Sir, by your Wars, you grind Mankind;
But you will let 'em have no Corn to grind.
Cal. Damn 'em, they're over-fed; the mutt'ring ſounds
Came from full Bowels; Luxury abounds.
War deſtroys Men, but Luxury Mankind;
At once corrupts the Body, and the Mind.
And thus, a juſt revenge poor Brutes receive,
Who die for Rogues that deſerve not to live.
Rich Knaves will engroſs Corn, to raiſe the price;
And ſtarve Mankind, to feed their avarice.
For harmleſs injur'd Beaſts I've ſome remorſe;
But my chief care is for my fav'rite Horſe.
That Animal is full of noble fire;
Go viſit him, and how he fares enquire. [*To* Vit. *who goes out.*
Ceſ. Heaven! how we ſpoil the pleaſure o' the day.
Cal. 'Tis true, my Love; but we will ſoon be gay.
The falls of Nations, which fill Cowards with fears,
Shall but like Water-falls delight our Ears;
And murm'ring Subjects ſhall, like purling ſtreams,
But lull us deeper in our pleaſing dreams. [*Ex. Omnes.*

ACT II.

Enter Caligula, Ceſonia, *Guards, and Attendants.*

Cal. W'are deep in Winter, yet methinks the air
Has an unnat'ral heat, I cannot bear.
Ceſ. *Caſar*'s ſwift marches have inflam'd his veins;
He drives with all the ſpirit that he reigns.
I wonder not you left me far behind,
Methoughts your fiery Steeds outran the Wind;
Winds loſt their breath in giving *Caſar* Chaſe,
His ſpeed ſeem'd more a Rapture than a Race.
When a high Mountain ſhew'd him to my Eye,
I fear'd ſome Goddeſs ſnatch'd him to the Sky;
Then from my ſeat I oft fell cold and pale,
Till I beheld him flaming in a Vale,
Saw his bright Chariot, and his glitt'ring Train,
Flying like blazing meteors o'r a Plain:

His

His dazling Chariot, though a pond'rous maſs
Of ſolid Gold, ſcarce bent the tender Graſs.
I'm apt to think there can no prints be found
Where *Cæſar* drove, his Steeds ſcarce touch'd the ground:
No, Sir, provok'd by their own fire and you,
They ran, rag'd, foam'd; I thought in Clouds you flew.
Cal. I love intemperance in all I do.
All ſpeed to me but drowſie ſloath appears,
I thought I linger'd on the Road for years,
And my dull Horſes did not run, but creep;
I'd have ſprung hither at one lofty leap.
Had I my will, I wou'd range Lands and Seas
As ſwift as thought; think and be where I pleaſe.
The very minute I begin my flight,
I'd pierce all Regions, at a ſtart, like light.
Ceſ. You'd range all Lands, new beauties to ſubdue;
For your deſires the World has not enow:
And without toyl, you'd give a beauty chace,
You wou'd but think, think in her embrace.
Cal. We call Men conſtant, when they're dull and tame;
Thus imperfection gets a noble name.
I have a heat which never can be cool'd;
A ſpirit in me which can ne'r be rul'd;
It rages whilſt 'tis in my boſom pent,
Nor can a thouſand Beauties give it vent.
When I am deluging your Arms with bliſs,
You never think me guilty of exceſs.
Ægypt is not more pleas'd with flowing *Nile*;
But if I rove to others Arms awhile,
Of my intemp'rance you complain aloud;
Though it be but a momentany flood,
You think you have a dreadful dearth in view;
Madam, was *Cæſar* only made for you?
Ceſ. *Jove* had, no doubt, intentions more divine,
But *Cæſar* will not be a moment mine.
My heart in *Cæſar* lives, to *Cæſar* grows;
Therefore I never have an hours repoſe.
Repoſe? His many wandrings tear my veins,
And give me wounds which have tormenting pains.
Cal. You love an Emperor, that I'll not deny;
Who, but a *Cæſar*, can your heart ſupply
With all the pleaſure, wealth, and pow'r it craves?
Now you have Queens for your Domeſtick ſlaves,
And all delights that nature yields in call;
Were there more Emp'rors you wou'd love 'em all.

Ces. No, Sir, of all Men, Emp'rors wou'd I shun,
They are mysterious, understood by none.
But this I know, what are so much above
All Kings on Earth, 'tis arrogance to love;
And, to my sorrow, I have found it vain,
For having all things, all things they disdain.
Cæsar is pleas'd with beauty, whilst 'tis new,
And the next hour thinks it not worth his view.
Awhile I'm graceful in the Emp'rors thoughts,
And the next moment seem all over faults.
Now I've all beauties, then I've all decays;
Now sudden starts of joy, then sharp always.
Now I'm in luxury, and then in tears,
And always shaken with confounding fears.

Cal. Oh! my *Cesonia*, prithee have a care,
Impose not on me more than I can bear.
This Neck is soft, so is not *Cæsar*'s Heart;
This Head and Neck how easily can I part?
But though in *Cæsar* thou hast no delight,
To thy fair self thou art a pleasing sight;
And by all Eyes thou art with wonder seen:
Oh! I am loath to stain so white a skin.
'Tis pity so much beauty shou'd be lost,
Thou wilt not be so lovely when a Ghost.

Ces. I find I'm pleasing still in *Cæsar*'s Eye,
And therefore now I'm very loth to die;
No joys in the most sweet *Elizian* Grove,
Can equal the Remains of *Cæsar*'s love.
With pomp and power I am pleas'd, I own;
But *Cæsar* far outshines his glorious Throne.
Were *Cæsar* but my equal, were he lower,
Had but that graceful person, and no more,
From all Mankind to *Cæsar*'s arms I'd fly,
And think no Goddess is so blest as I.

Cal. Oh! thou art made exactly to my mind,
Fair to perfection, fond though I'm unkind.
Faithful thou art as the severely chaste,
And yet as *Venus* wanton, when embrac'd.
I have a thousand *Empusses* in thee;
Once more I love thee to a mad degree.
New beauties for a moment snatch my Eyes,
And entertain me, whilst they're novelties.

Ces. *Cæsar* will oft abandon me I know,
But one hours love will rich amends bestow.
I am luxurious, freely I confess,
But *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* is my Sovereign bliss.

From

From *Cæſar*'s Lips divine Ambroſia flows,
His breath in ſweets excels the *Syrian* Roſe;
And when I have his Arms I think I'm dreſs'd,
The Queen of Heaven has not ſo rich a Veſt.
In *Cæſar*'s Arms in extaſies I lie,
Like a mad Propheteſs, entranc'd with joy;
Whilſt a God fills me all my ſpirits fly.
Cal. No, my *Ceſonia*, I muſt do thee right,
Thy ſpirit gives a life to my delight;
A livelier Beauty *Cæſar* ne'r enjoy'd,
Thou haſt more life than all thy Sex enjoy'd.
Cæ. Now I'm compos'd, and fit for great Affairs,
Your Glory muſt awhile employ my Cares.
Enter Valerius Aſiaticus, Lucius Vitellius.
Oh! come my Lord, tho' in this laſt Compagne
You gave us too much reaſon to complain,
Your ſervice, for your faults, make great amends;
And I rank you among the Emp'rors friends.
Cal. Th'art proud, and therefore I think *Cæſar*'s friend,
Thy haughty heart can to an Emp'ror bend;
My pow'rs by *Jove* and Nature were beſtow'd,
By ſerving me thou ſerv'ſt an Earthly God.
Senators oft are of ignoble blood,
And all their pow'rs the Off-ſpring of the Croud;
Can thy proud heart endure thoſe Men ſhou'd reign,
Whom thou woud'ſt ſcarce admit into thy Train?
Will one ſo brave, by Cowards be controul'd?
And one ſo rich, let Bankrupts rule his Gold?
So Wiſe to Blockheads for Advice repair,
In all the great Affairs of Peace and War;
Depend on the reſult of empty prate,
And account Fools the Oracles of State.
Val. A. I wou'd not be a ſlave, to ſlaves, 'tis true;
Our Senators are ſolemn ſlaves to you.
If I muſt ſerve, on *Cæſar* I'd depend;
For as the Ladies, who on Queens attend,
Are by the World Ladies of Honour ſtil'd,
Tho' of their Honour they have been beguil'd.
So, Sir, if Honour can to ſlaves be due,
They're ſlaves of Honour, who are ſlaves to you.
L. Vit. Spoke like a Nobleman, and Man o' ſence;
'Tis an illuſtrious thing, to ſerve a Prince
So great, ſo glorious, ſo renown'd, ſo wiſe,
What Vaſſal wou'd not ſuch a glory prize?
Val. A. When he has *Cæſar*'s favour in purſuit,
He'll lick the duſt beneath the Tyrant's feet. [*Aſide.*

Cæſar's

Cæsar's a God, and *Cæsar* says I'm proud;
A God knows all the secrets of our blood.
Therefore, no doubt, I'm ostentatious vain,
The Characters he gives me I'll maintain;
I will be proudly faithful to my trust,
To all Mankind I will be proudly just:
All danger, Sir, I'll haughtily despise,
To serve you boldly fight, as boldly advise.
Your service to your pleasure I'll prefer,
And boldly stop you, if I think you err.

Cal. Stop me?

Val. A. By Councel, tho' it cost my Head;
Even by your self I will not be misled.

Cal. Will I be judg'd, and govern'd by my slaves?

Val. A. I'll judge, and if I can I'll rule your Knaves.
I'll offer, and I'll suffer no abuse,
Because I'm proud; pride is of mighty use.
The affectation of a pompous name,
Has oft set Wits and Heroes in a flame;
Volumes, and Buildings, and Dominions wide,
Are oft the noble Monuments of pride.

Cal. Then I'm your lofty Building? Have a care,
This from no other Man on earth I'd bear.
Thou rul'st thy Emperor, I know not how;
More than thou dar'st demand, I dare bestow,
Have all a Vassal can from pow'r derive,
Tho' th'art the boldest proudest Man alive.

Val. A. All this I durst not have presum'd to crave;
My thanks I'll on your foes in wounds engrave.

Cæs. In serving *Cæsar*, rich rewards proceed
From the meer conscience of the noble deed;
But yet is *Cæsar* so Divinely good,
He over-pays his Warriors for their blood.
I'm sure, my Lord, your recompence is great, [*To* Val. A.
You've Rubies for your blood, and Pearls for sweat;
Y'ave Provinces for all the Fields y'ave won,
And Realms for all the Kings y'ave undone.

L. Vit. Higher rewards than these my service meets,
This Province, Madam, [*He takes out of his bosom the Empresses*
'Tis all over sweets. *Sandal.*
Here dwelt a foot, a Wonder of its kind,
And left a thousand fragrancies behind.

Cal. How false are Men, both in their Heads and Hearts;
And there is falshood in all Trades and Arts.
Lawyers deceive their Clients by false Law;
Priests, by false Gods, keep all the World in awe.

By

By their falſe Tongues ſuch flatt'ring Knaves are rais'd;
For their falſe wit, Scriblers by fools are prais'd.
Whores, by falſe beauty, *Venuſſes* appear;
Hect'ring *Faux*—braves o'r Cowards, domineer:
Look round the World, what ſhall we find ſincere?
Cæſ. The Senate, Sir, attend.
Cal. Well, let 'em wait.
How dare you, in my Ear, name what I hate?
I'll have no Guardians, I'm at Age to reign;
What my Birth gave, my Courage ſhall maintain.
I will endure no Partners in my Throne,
I'll govern as I pleaſe, and rule alone.
Do not I trample Kings beneath my feet?
Will *Cæſar* then let his own ſlaves be great?
Cæſar ſhall be the only Soveraign Lord,
And *Senate* be a vain and uſeleſs word;
And therefore wholly laid aſide, ere long,
Amongſt the Rubbiſh of the *Roman* Tongue.
Val. A. Then will the name of Emp'ror be low;
Sir, your Throne ſtands on golden Columns now,
On Men who are by Birth and Fortune great;
Wou'd you be King of Beggars, fix you ſeat
On a vile Dunghil, on the dirty Croud?
This by your friends can never be allow'd.
Sir, your miſtakes are your moſt dang'rous foes,
And for your ſervice I'll your ſelf oppoſe,
And in the face of any danger fly;
You have not a more faithful friend than I:
Compar'd with *Cæſar*'s ſervice, how I ſlight
Danger and Death, I've often ſhew'd in fight.
Cæſ. Cheriſh him, *Cæſar.*
Cal. Well, let quarrels ceaſe;
Th'aſt a great Genius, both in War and Peace.
But love not, if th'art one of *Cæſar*'s friends,
A Senate; for the very name offends.
But call 'em in, for they ſhall quickly know
I have a farther quarrel with 'em now.
Enter the Conſuls and Senate.
When *Cæſar* by a Triumph honour'd *Rome*,
How durſt you tarry ſullenly at home,
As if my Victories you proudly ſcorn'd,
Or thought 'em curſes, and in darkneſs mourn'd?
Val. A. Who dares reply? for to this raving Prince
What can be ſaid, that will not give offence? [*Aſide.*
Con. The honour, Sir, we humbly did implore
To fill your Triumphs, to be triumph'd o'r,

To

To be led Captives; but we beg in vain,
Our great devotion met your high disdain.
Cal. 'Tis true, I scorn all honours you bestow,
And you resent th' affront; ha? is it so?
Con. That were presumptuous arrogance indeed;
Sir, with united hearts, we've all decreed
The highest honours——
Cal. How? Dare you pretend
To grant me Honours? Honour must descend.
Con. We humbly beg——
Cal. You'd beg me for a Fool;
Beg me to own you have the Sovereign rule:
By this Decree, you sawcily invade
Imperial Power, Imperial Glory shade.
Affronts from his own slaves, will *Cæsar* bear;
Refuse, or grant me Honours, if you dare
Con. My errors wrong the Senate I perceive;
To shew our love we humbly beg your leave.
Cal. Your love? Mankind is envious vain and proud,
Love nothing that's above 'em, bad or good.
You hate a Prince, unless he'll tamely bear
Partners in power; let Senates have a share.
Where Laws, and domineering Senates reign,
Princes are slaves in purple, slaves in grain;
Sword bearers to a many-headed Lord,
I mean the Croud, and weak upon Record;
For ev'ry Law made by the State, implies,
That Princes are defective, Senates wise.
Such Demi-Kings have half your hearts, no more,
While they have any share of Soveraign power;
But if a Prince entirely quits his Throne,
He's lov'd by all, because he's fear'd by none.
The Votes of Senators, tho' ne'r so great,
Shall but like Ecchoes my commands repeat;
So Forrests may advise, and utter Law.
L. Vit. The wisest Monarch the Sun ever saw.
Cal. Fear me, I care not how I am abhorr'd,
Your hearts I'll have; with my Imperial Sword,
I'll rip 'em from your Breasts, when I think good:
In short, I'll have your Duty, or your Blood.
This you all know, and therefore you'll obey;
Fear is the Parent of all Sovereign sway.
Val. A. Sir, with triumphant pomp, to Court they've brought
Your Image wrought in gold; is that a fault?
Cal. My Image may have faults, the Gold has none;
'Tis th' only faultless thing below the Sun.

Cæs.

Ces. No, *Cæsar*, no; if Art has done you right,
Th' Image is faultless; bring it in my sight.
If *Cæsar*'s graces in the Image shine,
There is no gold on Earth, so rich, so fine.
This shining shadow, I wou'd feign behold;
This constant shadow fix'd in solid gold.

Enter Priests in Procession singing, carrying a golden Image of the Emperor, attended by the Consuls and Senate.

The SONG Sung by the Priests.

HAIL! *Mighty Prince, whose loud renown*
O'r ev'ry Region flies;
On whom with wonder Gods look down,
And gaze with envious eyes:
Whom, more than Hell, all Nations fear,
And more than Heav'n obey;
Who o'r-runs Kingdoms ev'ry year,
With Jove *has equal sway:*
Who ruins Realms, enriches Graves,
Makes mighty Kings of humble Slaves,
And Slaves of mighty Kings;
His praise, this great Assembly here,
With all devotion sings.

Our bloody Wars are ended;
The Sword is now
But worn for shew;
And the stubborn bow unbended.
Our hours of ease, and leisure,
We'll give to pomp and pleasure,
And Songs in praise of Cæsar,
Who War with glory ended.
The Sword is now
But worn for shew;
And the stubborn Bow unbended.

Now Peace begins to heal our wounds,
And all our wants repair;
We'll Plough the Seas, and Plough our Grounds,
And Plough the tempting fair:
Our lofty Tow'rs shall scale the Sky,
Our Wealth unbounded, like our joy,
Shall fly more free than air:
Our Wars are done,
And the World is won,
So now farewel to care.

[Ex. om.

ACT III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Valerius Asiaticus, Annius Minutianus.

An. M. CAESAR triumphs, and is by *Rome* ador'd,
For Battels won by your victorious Sword.

Val. A. 'Tis true, to triumphs he has small pretence;
But wou'd y'ave me proudly out-brave my Prince,
And boast I won those Fields he durst not see?
This wou'd be fatal sawcineſs in me.
Soldiers in fight their courage shou'd display;
They have a triumph when they win the day.
Let them be brave against the bold and great,
But humble to all those beneath their feet.

An. M. A gen'rous thought.

Val. A. In most triumphal shews,
A conqu'ring Coxcomb o'r a beaten crows.
The fopp'ry in the Hero then appears,
The Lyon's couch'd, the Ass pricks up his Ears.
Vain ostentation does too oft enslave,
The learn'd, the wise, the mighty, and the brave.
The Man of Learning, no content can reap
From all his knowledge, till he spreads the heap,
And great applause, and admiration gains;
For that poor chaff, how he will thrash his brains?
He is-in throws before, but then he's eas'd;
When he's a publick fool he's highly pleas'd.
For Fame vain Wits take all their soaring flights;
For Fame the ostentatious Hero fights;
For shew, with wounds will be embroider'd o'r,
And deeply died in his own purple gore.

An. M. Vain ostentation deforms ev'ry grace;
'Tis like a blister in a beauteous face.

Val. A. 'Tis hard to know, whose brains have wider flaws,
They who sit ratling chains, and pleating straws;
Or they who toyl, only for vain renown,
To wear in History a paper Crown.
Whilst *Cæsar* now, for a design so vain,
Takes Poets and Historians in his Train;
How like a Lunatick this Prince appears,
Pleas'd because Bells hang jingling at his ears?
Thus he resolves oblivion to subdue;
And the graces of his person too,

In

In ſtrong and lively colouring diſplay'd,
And in bold Images, ſhall time invade.
For this are famous Artiſts kept in pay,
And Art brings forth dead *Caeſars* ev'ry day;
You will ſee all our Gardens and Abodes,
And Temples crowded with thoſe ſilent Gods:
And for his likeneſs, he'll ſit brooding long,
With all the pains that Birds do, to hatch their Young.

An. M. Well, this Campaign the Emperor ventur'd far;
I think, he march'd to the frontier of War.

Val. A. Yes, and he bore ſome little Princes down,
Whoſe fall will give no ſound to his Renown:
Their Provinces he might with eaſe o'rerun:
On my War-Horſe I could have leap'd o're one.

An. M. Your Lordſhip is the Pillar of his Throne;
But, that's a truth *Caeſar* diſdains to own.

Val. A. I ſupport *Caeſar*? Be not ſo profane;
Caeſar's a God, to him all aid is vain.

An. M. Who can that impious Flattery endure?
His Father was a mortal Man, I'm ſure.

Val. A. His Godhead both from Chance and Nature came;
'Tis a Convention in his Sacred Frame
Of Divine Atoms; it was not begot,
'Twas an original and glorious lot.
Thus his Atheiſtick flatterers blaſpheme,
Hum'ring their hot-brain'd Emperor's waking dream.
Vaſt fortunes bred the frenzy, I confeſs;
Feeble mankind can ſuffer no exceſs:
Fortunes too high, or low, wrack humane thought,
But fortune only has not been in fault;
The Empreſs too, did her aſſiſtance joyn,
And often gave him Philters in his Wine;
Then this proud folly firſt began to Reign,
Succeſſes turn'd, and drugs Diſeas'd his Brain.

Enter Caſſius Cheræa.

Caſſius, I'd rais'd thy fortunes by commands,
But thou haſt Enemies, which hold my hands:
Howe'er I'll raiſe thy Honour, if I can,
I do not know a more deſerving Man.

Caſ. Ch. In the eſteem of ſuch a noble Friend,
My Lord, I to an envi'd height aſcend;
The Emperor's pleas'd to call me Coward, and Fool,
Becauſe he always finds me ſoft and cool;
And always ſlow in ſhedding guiltleſs blood,
Caeſar may give what titles he thinks good.

I've many faults, but boasting is not one;
If any thing deserving praise I've done,
I'm not much pleas'd to hear it oft proclaim'd;
But yet, methinks, I'm loath to be defam'd.

Val. A. Oh! my good Lord, I've in this Vessel found
Excellent Metal, tho' it yields no sound.
He who seems here, only an Image dress,
A piece of fine Court-furniture, at best;
In War is more then Man.

An. M. So I've been told.

Val. A. I've seen Barbarians numerous, and bold,
Fly from this Man, like Locusts from a storm;
Wonders in War, I've seen him oft perform:
But of rough *Cassius*, after a Campaign,
No marks but in his scars and wounds remain.
Here all his time on pleasure he bestows;
He rises late, and rises to repose
On a soft Couch, where Wine drowns all his care;
Or on the softer Bosoms o' the fair.
Where Amorous dalliance, and wanton Play,
Is all the toil in which he wasts the day.

Cas. Ch. My Lord, I love all pleasure nature yields;
The joys of wanton Beds, and bloody Fields.
Perhaps your taste and mine may not agree;
Whilst I have Life, I wou'd shake all the Tree:
I'd have Wine and Women, Musick and Renown,
And thus have all my days go sweetly down:
I wou'd not let one moment run to waste,
No, nor go off, with an unpleasant taste.
Fearfull and melancholy minds prepare
For their last hours by Sacrifice and Pray'r,
Contemplate bones and sculls: But I design
To part with life, over a Glass o' Wine:
I'll fill my Eyes with beauty, e're they close,
And Songs shall lull me to my long repose.

Val. A. But whilst your time you eagerly bestow
On the warm side of life, where pleasures grow:
Men think you not the gallant Man you are,
That all your Manhood lies among the fair.

An. M. So, *Cæsar* thinks, and tramples on his brow,
But *Cassius* does not seem to feel the blow;
But he is to admiration calm and tame;
And all his anger is a lambent flame.

Cas. Ch. Oh! no, my Lord, I feel the heavy blows,
Nor have I all the patience you suppose;

'Tis

'Tis true, I keep my painful Wounds unſeen ;
But wounds, when inwardly they bleed gangreen.
Reaſons there are, why I ſeem patient now ;
But I, one day, may let the Emperor know.
I love not to oppreſs, or be oppreſs'd ;
But every thing is in its ſeaſon beſt.
Man has his hours of ſleep, when he's embalm'd
With that ſoft unguent, and lies all be calm'd ;
Trees have their ſeaſons, when you'd think 'em dead,
But Nature finds a time to lift her head.
And ſhortly *Caſſius* may his vigor ſhew,
And make the World ring, with a dreadfull blow,
Shall ſettle Regal Diadems ; which now
Totter, on many a trembling Prince's brow ;
But all our bonds write in Imperial gore.
That I'm a Man, and *Ceſar* is no more.

An. M. This ſudden lofty flame has made me ſweat ;
Oh ! *Caſſius*, worthy of a name ſo great :
May'ſt thou in fame and fortune, far exceed
The Renown'd *Caſſius*, who made *Julius* bleed.

Val. A. Have I not told the Emperor, I'm his Friend,
That *Ceſar*, againſt *Ceſar*, I'll defend ?
That, to encreaſe his Empire and Renown,
By Wars, which I may honourably own :
I'll in the face of my danger fly ?
And doſt thou hope I'll give my ſelf the lie.
Let *Ceſars* Life be ſtoln by baſe ſurprize,
And own my ſelf a Villain in diſguiſe ?
On Faith and Honour I have fixt my foot ;
And for that ground with *Ceſar* I'll diſpute.
Perhaps his favour, nothing can retain,
In my own favour I'll to death remain.

Caſ. Ch. Does not your Lordſhip every moment ſhed
Blood, guiltleſs blood, by guarding *Ceſar*'s head.

Val. A. He's young and fiery ; and has a Brain
Deſeas'd by drugs, and Knaves the dregs of Men.
All the corruptions of a Land repair
To Courts, and fill 'em with unwholeſome air :
A Monarch with great vertue is endu'd,
If he appears but moderately good ?
Caſſius your wrongs are not to me unknown,
Nor that all Nations under *Ceſar* grown.
But I'll to him, and all mankind be juſt,
Prote[illegible] his Perſon and oppoſe his Luſt.
I'll [illegible]by Counſel firſt to ſtop his courſe ;
That [illegible]ng, I'll to fair and open force.

In

In *Cæsar*'s faults, or yours, I'll have no share ; (*Beckons to an Officer of the Guard.*
Secure this Tribune, Sir, without most care.

An Officer, with a Guard, carry off Cassius Cherea *a Prisoner.*

An. M. My Lord, a noble spirit you display ;
But yet, my Lord ; this I must boldly say :
You feel not *Cæsar*'s faults, as thousands do ;
A decent distance they have kept from you.
They have not yet approach'd your heart or head ;
Nor seiz'd your fortune, or defil'd your Bed.

Val. A. My Bed !

An. M. Your Bed, as mine he oft has done ;
His brutal Lust, has oft my Bed o're run.
On remote fires, with small concern we gaze,
But we all rise when our own dwellings blaze.
Had *Cæsar* and your Wife been kind ——

Val. A. Been kind.
No more, I sweat when e'er their names are joyn'd.

An. M. You wisely keep her out of *Cæsar*'s sight,
And in safe privacies engross delight :
You never suffer her to see the Town,
And thus secure her honour and your own.

Val. A My Lord, I'd stab her, if she shou'd presume
But to look towards, or own she dreamt of *Rome* ?
Damnation ! She's in Court, in this Lewd Court :
I pray, my Lord, for your own sake retire,
Of my Domestick troubles take no share,
You have enow, and more than you can bare

(*Exit.* An. M. *Enter* Julia, *attended.*

Why, how now, Madam, am I disobey'd ?
What has allur'd you, from your Sacred shade
To *Rome*, where ev'ry Vice has open sway ;
Revells and Rages, in sight of day ?

Jul. My Lord, I'm overjoy'd with your Renown ;
Spoil not my pleasure with an angry frown.
Why do you look with such a threatning brow ?
My Lord, you are not in a battle now.

Val. A. I'm in worse danger, as I've cause to fear ;
For you expose my life, and honour here.
If e're you come in ravenous *Cæsar*'s eye,
Your beauty ll be devoured, and I shall die.

Jul. I'll guard my self.

Val. A. I'll not trust your defence ;
I'll hurry you a hundred Leagues from hence.
Your Beauty shall not flourish in report ;
I'll furle that banner up, remote from Court.

Shell I display your tempting white and red,
And challenge *Cæsar* to invade my Bed;
Provoke the proud Adulterer to my Couch,
And be Procurer to my own Reproach?

Jul. You have confin'd me, till I wished to die;
Th' unborn have as much joy in life, as I.

Val. A. Cæsar and you I labour'd to divide;
But, shame and ruin, what have I deny'd?
I out of love, confin'd you to a seat,
I do not think *Elezium* is so sweet.
I kept you a Luxurious Court at home;
You had the pomp, without the crimes o' *Rome*.
Had Reason Rul'd you, I had pleas'd your mind,
But Reason is no part of womankind.
Your Lusts and Vanities no bounds admit,
You're moderate in nothing but your Wit.

Jul. This picture of our Sex, not much allures;
Now I'll endeavour to delineate yours,
Our Follies are akin, but yours are gross,
And ours from beauty have a pleasing gloss:
Your Fop is but our Ape, he paints the face,
And acts our fool without her Charming Grace:
Both Sexes vex the World with noise, and prate;
But we confound a street, and you a state,
Our fools but seldom write; your Sex is stor'd
With fools, who will be Coxcombs on Record,
And their impertinence through ages spread;
Your scolds in Books wrangle alive, and dead.
Fighting all Women, and most Men, abhor;
But Women Cowards have wit to keep from War.
Your mighty Tyrant Lords our beauty rules;
Your greatest Wits are gull'd by Female Fools.
I've youth, I've youth, and pleasure I'll enjoy,
But fear me not, my birth and spirit are high,
Rather than taint my Family I'd die.

Val. A. Of *Cæsar*'s wickedness I'm most in fear,
Madam, begone, you're in a mad house here;
Not where a Lunitick is held in Chains,
But where a great Imperial Madman Reigns.
Who tares the World and lays all Nations bare,
And when he has enjoy'd he strips the Fair:
Of his Lewd love those are Triumphal shews,
In jovial moodes on Fav'rites he bestows.
The beauteous Empress I have oft by night
Beheld all naked, like unclouded light,

Have often ſeen in wanton poſtures ſpread,
That brazen beauty on a Golden bed.
Jul. Whatever you ſuppoſe, e're I'd be food
To brutal Luſt, Lyons ſhou'd drink my blood.
Val. A. Oh! Madam, you have vertues that he ſlights,
And Rapes and Rapines, are his high delights.
He loves to make all Nature feel his force;
Rivers he Raviſhes, and turns their courſe?
He levels Mountains, Elevates the Vales,
O're waves he rides, and over Lands he ſails.
Nay, he builds lofty Palaces on Seas;
He ſcorns the Pleaſure he can gain with eaſe:
I have been hot; but no one ſhou'd admire
In a watch Tower to ſee a blazing fire.
'Tis kindled up, to lend a needful light
To Mariners, in dangerous dead of night:
To tell 'em Land is near, they're caſt away,
Unleſs they keep aloofe to Sea, 'till day:
For ſuch kind ends my paſſion flam'd aloft,
But though my words were harſh, my heart is ſoft.
Now I'll no more be troubleſomely wiſe;
Dwell where thou wilt, with thy own heart adviſe,
Study thy pleaſures and regard not mine;
To my own boſome, I'll my fears confine.
But of my fortunes carve thy ſelf thy ſhare,
I will lock nothing from thee, but my care.
Jul. This gen'rous Love I never can requite;
In pleaſing you, I'll place my chief delight?
Rome from this moment I renounce, abjure,
I'll not the memory of *Rome* endure.
Nay, in my preſence, no one ſhall preſume
To mention infamous and vitious *Rome*.
Val. A. Oh! if this Town ſhou'd rightly be pourtray'd,
Hell muſt lend colours, for a diſmal ſhade.
Climates there are, which burn the natives black,
And ſcorching day appears a fiery Lake.
In a more horrid Climate here we dwell,
For they are burnt by Heaven, but we by Hell.
Here boſoms oft flame with inceſtuous fires,
And many Sons are Brethren to their Sires,
Our Emp'ror has with high-ſprung Baſtards ſtor'd
A thouſand beds, and all his Siſters Whor'd.
Jul. Oh! Monſter!
Val. A. Stay: He drags thee to his bed,
And then his fear and envy take my head;

None

None whom he fears, will he with life entruſt,
And nothing that he likes eſcapes his Luſt.
Jul. My Chariot; —— I abhor a Court ſo Lewd:
Methinks it has a ſcent of Luſt and Blood,
And I ſhall ſicken, If I longer ſtay;
Therefore this very minute I'll away.
Val. A. Canſt thou not breath in the ſame air with Vice?
Then thou muſt quit the World; th'art over nice.
Well, I'll releaſe thee from this dire abode,
When I've an hour on ſome affairs beſtow'd.
Then I'll along; I hurry thee from hence,
Only to ſave thee from lewd violence;
Not part with beauty I ſo highly prize,
But to ſecure thee to my Arms and Eyes. [*Ex.*

The SCENE *a magnificent part of the Palace.*

Enter Caligula, Ceſonia, Vitellius, *Attendants*, *Guards*.

Cal. I have been building, Madam, ſince we went.
Ceſ. A palace lofty as the firmament.
The Rooms with wondrous pleaſure I behold.
Cal. And mark the doors; the hinges are of gold.
Ceſ. If Artiſts, Sir, can for the work be found,
I'd have the doors yield an harmonious ſound,
As all the Heavens do, when e'r they move;
And make this palace like the ſeat of *Jove*.
Wou'd this were poſſible to human skill.
Cal. What is impoſſible to *Ceſar*'s Will.
Vit. No, *Ceſar*'s genius exalts ev'ry mind,
Gives a great Soul to Arts of ev'ry kind.
Cal. How do thoſe Gardens in thy eye appear?
Ceſ. The face of Winter now frowns ev'ry where.
Vit. Oh! Madam! you're the favorite of a God,
And charm'd all nature, when you came abroad;
The rugged Winter civilly withdrew,
And the ſweet Spring look'd out to gaze on you.
The Zephyrs plaid, and threw the clouds away,
As dancers ſtrip, to be more light and gay.
Ceſ. I wou'd enrich theſe Gardens, were they mine,
With Rocks of Diamonds, and Seas of Wine.
Here tydes of Wine ſhou'd daily ebb and flow;
The Walks with golden duſt, and pearls, I'd ſtrow,
And then I might ſuppoſe, on Stars I trod,
As it becomes the conſort of a God.
Cal. Thou ſhalt have all the Wealth that Nature yields;
Theſe Gardens ſhall excel the *Elizian* Fields,

Or the *Hesperian* Groves, so fam'd of Old,
Where all the Trees bore fruit of solid Gold.
And will that please thee? Oh! how sits the Wind?
This golden Grove brings *Africk* to my mind.
With much impatience, I expect from thence
An Obelisk of great magnificence.
A Wonder both for stature and extent;
I've for this Wonder, a Sea Wonder sent,
A Ship, which covers half the Sea, and more,
And with its burden makes the billows roar.

Vit. Sir, if the Ocean can the burden bear,
'Twill very soon be here, the Winds are fair.

Cal. They say, that Pyramids are Regal Tombs
Of mighty Kings, the last Retiring-Rooms.
This spacious Universe, in War o'ercome,
And laid in Ruins, shall be *Cæsar*'s Tomb.

Cef. Be *Cæsar*'s Tomb? Let me not see the hour
When he is entomb'd.

Cal. We will name Tombs no more.

Cef. Their powers to me, wou'd Destinies resign,
Eternal shou'd be *Cæsar*'s Life, and mine,
And all our days be smiling, and serene;
We wou'd not know what cares, or troubles mean.

Cal. Well may we love, I'm sure our souls agree;
Then may thy life be all serenity.
And that of pleasure thou may'st have thy fill,
Command all *Cæsar*'s power, all humane skill.
Now, Love, prepare for *Cæsar*'s golden Couch;
Th' Images smile, with hopes of thy approach.
They blaze with gold, we burn with hot desire;
There we shall all appear, nay be o' fire.

Cef. Is the Bed new? For I, when I've my choice,
Let nothng, but my *Cæsar*, touch me twice.

Cal. It is all new, and so I think art thou;
Thou never didst appear so fair as now.

Cef. Perhaps from joy, some colour I derive;
But I have drooping beauties I'd revive.
By this days trouble, I've contracted soil;
Therefore, with *Cæsar*'s leave, I'd bath awhile.
From water then, I'll like a *Venus* rise,
And in my *Cæsar*'s arms dissolve in joys.

Cal. Water a Bath for beauty so Divine?

Cef. Water ennobl'd with the richest Wine,
Perfumes, and pearls dissolv'd.

Cal. Go bath an hour;
In pleasure then dissolve an Emperor. [*Ex. Cef. and Ladies.*

Enter

Enter Paſtor.

How now, old ſplendid Knight? thy days decline,
But thou reſolv'ſt to make thy evening ſhine;
But all the luſtre of thy Youth, and Age,
Has been from Buildings, Train, and Equipage.
How dar'ſt thou have th' ill manners, to abſtain
From War, and Honour, in a Warlike reign?

Paſ. In Youth I ſerv'd in War; Sir, now I'm old,
The relick of a Man.

Cal. But wrapp'd in gold.
Well, what's your buſ'neſs here?

Paſ. With *Ceſar*'s leave,
From *Ceſar*'s glory pleaſure to receive.
Alſo to let my gracious Emp'ror know
News, which perhaps ſome pleaſure may beſtow;
Th' *Ægyptian* Wonder is arriv'd at laſt.

Cal. Th' Obelisk? Where?

Paſ. 'Tis of a ſize ſo vaſt,
That, Sir, it will let nothing elſe appear;
And, I may ſay, 'tis almoſt ev'rywhere.
Sir, I believe, no Province is ſo large
As the great Ship that brought this monſtrous charge.
I was of late forc'd, on a ſmall deſign,
To ſend to *Ægypt* a young Son o' mine;
And in this Ship he found a paſſage home.
Sir, a great Nation might have there found room.

Cal. I'll ſee this Veſſel, and its monſtrous freight;
I'll go by Sea, prepare my Gallies ſtraight.
Where is your Son?

Paſ. Without, Sir.

Cal. Call him in.

Enter Lepidus.

Thou venture to the Sea? no, rather ſure,
Thou haſt been poliſhing thy ſelf awhile,
In a ſweet Bath of Milk, and Wine, and Oil.
The Sea wou'd frighten one ſo ſoft as thou,
Unleſs 'twas ſmoother than a Ladies brow.
Where blew the Wind?

Lep. In th' Eaſt, where now it blows.

Cal. You mean thro' Flutes and Trumpets, I ſuppoſe.
The Ocean was in peace with ev'ry cloud;
The Winds were only in Wind-Muſick loud.
Th'aſt found at Sea a ſerene milky way,
And to thoſe Waters went'ſt to dance and play,
As Ladies do to Wells, when weather's gay.
Oh! thou hadſt rather *Rome*, and all the World,
Shou'd be confounded, than thy hair uncurl'd.

Thou never won'dſt expoſe to rugged air,
Rings which allure, and Nets which catch the Fair.
Lep. Nature, Sir, gave me what I value more,
A great devotion for my Emperor.
Sir, in that Ornament lies all my Pride,
When *Caſar* pleaſes, any thing beſide:
I can with infinite delight reſign,
In duty, only I deſire to ſhine.
Cal. Well ſaid?
Vit. A nobler Youth I have not ſeen;
I love you, Sir, our tempers are akin.
Cal. The *Egyptians* highly flam'd with zeal of late,
For *Caſar*'s Glory, does their heat abate.
Lep. Caſar——
Vit. When *Caſar*'s mention'd by your own,
Or any Tongue, pray, Sir, bow humbly down.
Lep. Egypt with Gods is plentifully ſtor'd,
But, Divine *Caſar* there is moſt ador'd. (Vit. *and* Lep. *bow when* Cæſar *is nam'd.*
Vit. Yes, *Caſar* makes a glorious Figure there,
Therefore that Kingdom greatly I revere;
And often tow'rds that point of Heaven I bend,
Which Canopys that happy holy Land. (Vit. *bows toward* Egypt.
Lep. The *Alexandrian Jews* each moment feel
Dreadfull effects, Sir, of *Egyptian* zeal.
Cal. And they ſhall quickly feel my fury too;
And ſo ſhall ev'ry diſobedient *Jew*.
Their old dead Prieſts and Prophets they prefer
Above a living, new, young *Jupiter*;
Caſar I mean.
Lep. The *Egyptian Jews* have ſent,
A noble Agent Learned and Eloquent.
His Life is Pious, and his Conduct Sage,
He's call'd, by ſome, the *Plato* of the Age.
Cal. Let's ſee this ſecond *Plato* —— [*Ex.* Lep. *and*
Welcome, Sir? [*Enter* Philo.
You are a Learned Philoſopher, I'm told.
Caſar may well admit of your adreſs,
You have to nature intimate acceſs,
And are her Miniſter; you ſhall be heard,
For that's a Character deſerves regard.
She is my Benefactreſs, I muſt own;
I had from nature my Imperial Crown.
Nay, more a Godhead on me ſhe beſtows,
Or ſo it is my pleaſure to ſuppoſe.
And who will plunder me of what I love;
Thunder may eaſier be ſnatch'd from *Jove*.

Your

Your Nation ſpoils my Images, will you,
Aſſault my high Imaginations too?
Phi. To ſuch high arrogance who dares aſcend?
Sir, with the *Egyptians* we only contend:
We'll not thruſt *Ceſar* down, among the low
Rabble of Gods, to which th' *Egyptians* bow.
A Leek in *Egypt* is a Heavenly Lord;
Cart loads of Gods their Gardens can afford.
We'll not mix *Ceſar* with their Herds and Flocks,
Their Rams and Goats; nor yoke him with an Ox:
Nor joyn him with the Monſters of their Nile;
Nor link him with an Ape, a thing moſt vile.
All theſe are Gods in the *Egyptian* Creeds;
And for refuſing this our Nation bleeds.
No Age, no Sex, the *Alexandrian* ſpare:
Our Men they murder, and they force the Fair.
Cal. *Jove* is a *Ceſar* in the World above;
Ceſar is in this lower World a *Jove*.
He Thunders oft indeed, and ſo do I,
But he keeps always ſafe within his Sky;
And, in my Reign, quits not his lofty ground:
He Thunders now; I do not love that ſound——
Why ſhou'd I ſhake when I hear Thunder roar,
For I've no fear.
Vit. Antipathy, no more.
Lyons are in diſorder, when they hear
A poor Cock crow; yet Lyons have no fear.
Cal. Theſe fooliſh qualities in Men and Beaſts,
Are tricks of Nature, and her trifling jeaſts.
Now will this writing Knave his Prince defame,
And with unmanly Cowardize blaſt my name.
Hew him to pieces Lictors;—hold——not yet.
How ready blockheads are to ruin Wit?
Swine ſhall not root in ſuch a noble Bed,
Whence fame may ſpring to me when I'm dead.
Vit. What Divine Clemency does *Ceſar* ſhow?
What ſay you now? Is he a God or no?
Cal. My Galleys I will haſten to the Port,
And ſee the wonders that muſt grace the Court.
Vit. A throng of noble Youths the honour craves
To Row you, Sir, and be your Galley-ſlaves.
Cal. Well, let 'em Row; they'll Row againſt the ſtream,
Men muſt tug hard if they get my eſteem.
Ex. Cal. Vit. *Attendants, Guards.* *Enter* Lepidus *and* Salome
Sal. My Father lives, my devout prayers are heard,
Good Angels left their Heaven, to be his Guard.

The

The Tydings of your danger reach'd my ear;
Ah! what have I endeavour'd from tot'ring fear?
Lep. So much it wou'd be cruelty to tell;
A thousand times she in deep swoonings fell.
When sense return'd, grief fail'd not to revive:
Ah! how she mourn'd because she was alive?
And blam'd us all, who forc'd her to retain
A miserable Life, when you were slain?
That to deprive her, we unkindly strove,
Of happy Martyrdome for filial love?
Phi. Why wert thou so amaz'd at this Report?
Is danger any News in *Cæsar*'s Court?
Thou knewst we to a fiery furnance came,
This raging Prince is always in a flame.
Sleep cools not him, disturb'd by dreams he burns,
And when he wakes, his waking dream returns,
That he's a God: We pity this Disease,
And worship not for Gods, his Images,
If th' Images be Gods, we shou'd adore
The Men that made 'em, they are something more.
'Tis base born Godhead, which from Man descends,
If *Cæsar* be a God, as he pretends,
His Godhead in Creation was display'd,
He needs no Image but the World he made.
Well, in the shamefull *Alexandrian* Rape,
Daughter, you had the happiness to scape;
But, in this Court th'art in a dan'grous place,
And therefore, always vail thy thoughts and face.
Lep. Ay, Madam, here y'are in the seat of sin;
Cæsar will force the Fair he cannot win.
Sal. Oh! you have fill'd my heart with chilling fears,
To fly from him, I'd rush o're Swords and Spears:
The Croaks of Ravens, and the Shreikes of Owls,
All boding sounds threatning departing Souls,
And to the sick approaching death proclaim;
Are not so dreadfull as this Tyrants name. (*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Room in the Court.* *Enter* Lepidus *and* Salome.

Lep. OH! Madam! I was in a dreadfull fright;
Had you appear'd in our young Emperors sight.
Sal. Sir, I have no temptations to allure
So great a Prince, and therefore I'm secure.

Lep.

Lep. Oh! you've all qualities, can be desir'd;
You are by all, but by your self admir'd.
Y'are to a wonder fair, and yet not vain,
Your innocence and fame have not a stain.
Y'are humble tho' of high extraction sprung;
Devout, and Grave, and Prudent, tho' young.
Like all your Fathers works, your worth is high,
With great delight perus'd by every eye.
Oh! if kind Heaven wou'd grant my hearts request,
This work shou'd be immortal like the rest.

Sal. This Charity I thankfully receive;
But affairs call me hence, I take my leave.

Lep. Affairs? no, Madam, you are too severe;
Why shou'd not you Angels sometimes appear:
But, Angel like, you with the Heavens converse,
And with poor mortals will have no commerce.

Sal. Sir, you oft talk to me of Love,

Lep. I do;
And shew Religion in admiring you.
If o're my heart your Vertue had no sway,
Ah! what Celestial Law should I obey?
What Revelation shou'd not I disdain;
What miracle to me not shew'd in vain.

Sal. Till joyn'd in faith, our hearts, Sir, must not joyn;
Our Laws, which many wonders prove Divine,
From Forreign Love strictly enclose our race:
Shou'd I climb o're those Walls to your embrace,
And boldly lay all piety aside,
You wou'd not, Sir, accept me for your Bride,
For to Religion shou'd I prove untrue,
You cou'd not hope I wou'd keep faith with you.
I sin if to your Love I lend an ear,
Therefore, in generous Charity forbear.

Lep. Oh! 'tis the nature of a flame to rove,
My eyes will in your presence talk of Love.
My heavy sighs will silently complain,
And own my secret languishings and pain.

Sal. Oh! I'm afraid you own your love elsewhere,
And it will reach your angry Emperors ear.
Have you confest your Love to none.

Lep. I have;
I talk so much of Love, Men think I rave.
I mention not your name; but fair and young.
Lovely, and Love, dwell always on my Tongue;
And these serve me for every reply.
Some ask where *Cæsar* is——in Love——say I.

Some

Some ask what new rais'd Forces we prepare,
Againſt the ſpring ;—— I anſwer, young and fair.
Some, if the Towns, that *Cæſar* took, were ſtrong ;
I anſwer, wond'rous beautiful and young.
Sal. Oh ! Sir ! avoid me, leaſt I ſhou'd be won,
And then you ſhare our fate, and be undone.
To *Cæſar*'s Image we'll not humbly fall ;
And now his fury flames around us all.
A horror ſits on ev'ry Jewiſh brow ;
Our Nation has a frightful aſpect now.
Sir, for my peace, give your Addreſſes o'r,
And for your ſafety never ſee me more.
Lep. Ah ! cruel doom ! and not to be obey'd ;
Who can live always in a mournful ſhade ?
Well, tho' your Laws, and you, all hope deny,
Sweet Maid ! I muſt love on. ——
Sal. Ah ! ſo muſt I. [*Aſide.*
Sir, pray retire, I ſee my Father near ;
He'll be diſpleas'd if he ſhou'd find you here.
Lep. Since you command, I muſt, and will withdraw ;
But I hope yet, in your dividing Law,
To find a paſſage, where our hearts may meet,
And have delights, as innocent, as ſweet. [*Ex.* Lep. Sal. *at ſeveral doors.*

Enter Caligula, *Attendants, Guards.*

Cal. I went for a dead miracle of Art,
And a fair living Wonder charm'd my heart ;
A Divine beauty ! ſhe exceeds all praiſe :
I ſent *Vitellius* for her, and he ſtays.
How dares he let my pleaſure be delay'd ?
He knows I'm not of patient metal made.
'Tis dangerous my appetites to pall,
Or make 'em await a minute, when they call.

Enter Conſuls, and Senators.

What wou'd you have ?
1 *Conſ.* *Cæſar* was pleas'd to ſend
His Orders to us, that we ſhou'd attend.
Cal. My Lords, you are all deep in *Cæſar*'s debt,
For *Cæſars* Wars ; and crimes you oft commit.
1 *Conſ.* Into Court-myſteries we dare not pry ;
Cæſar's Commands are writ (we know not why)
In Characters, which can be read by none ;
So into faults we fall, to us unknown.
Cal. You ſay my characters cannot be read ;
Our Roman Prieſts, and Lawyers, earn their Bread
By turning Laws, and *Jupiter*'s Commands,
To myſtick ſtuff, no mortal underſtands.

Thus

Thus they deceive you, yet ne'r repine;
You are their fools, why ſhou'd you not b
2 *Conſ.* Sir, when your Will you legibly expreſs,
We to our duty readily addreſs
Cal. No; for my Wars, when I exact my due,
No ſtreams are louder murmurers than you.
The World is all my own, 'tis all Crown-Land:
I reign from Heav'n to Hell; —— perhaps beyond.
You live on the Eſtates I'm pleas'd to lend,
Yet you'd have me upon your Alms depend.
You are the Conſuls.
1 *Con.* Yes, great Sir, we are.
Cal. Thoſe Offices you ſhall no longer bear:
I'll chuſe a Conſul, that has Youth and Force,
Spirit and Fire; I'll chuſe my fav'rite Horſe.
Y'are rul'd by Brutes, who are not half ſo wiſe;
How often Fools to Magiſtracy riſe?
Elephants carry Caſtles in the Eaſt;
Here Tow'rs and Towns often ſupport a Beaſt.
You'll honour, only for his noble breed,
A Blockhead, and why not a noble Steed?
Our Roman Prieſts rule ev'ry Soul and Purſe,
Yet they've no more Religion than my Horſe.
Begone! begone! the charming beauty's won;
Through all my veins enlivening pleaſures run. [Ex. *Conſ.*
The news! the news! *Sen. and enter* Lucius, Vitellius.
Vit. Sir, ere ſhe was aware,
We ſnatch'd her up, and forc'd her to a Chair;
And then ſhe ſhriek'd, and tore her beautious hair.
Cal. I would loſe nothing of her, 'tis confeſt,
Except her hair; thou haſt brought all the reſt.
Vit. Yes, Sir.
Cal. Go, bring her. [*Enter* Julia, *forc'd by a Guard*
Jul. I'm in *Caſar*'s pow'r;
I came to *Rome* in a dark fatal hour.
Oh! *Caſar*! [*She kneels.*
Cal. Goddeſs!—ſo no doubt you are;
No mortal can be ſo divinely fair.
Nay, nay, at my requeſt, ſweet Madam, riſe;
Let all your Graces entertain my eyes:
To *Caſar* grant the infinite delight
To touch, and ſee a hand ſo ſoft and white.
Were all thy other beauties cheats of Art,
This hand might palm a paſſion on my heart.
Where have you liv'd?

Jul. In Woods remote from hence;
And, till this hour, in peaceful innocence.
Cal. In Woods? there were no shades, whilst you shone there:
Why wou'd you not at *Cæsar*'s Court appear,
But hide, in a remote and lonely Grove,
The only perfect Workmanship of *Jove?*
I saw you walk by *Tibur*, all alone,
In a fair Garden, bord'ring on my own;
And in amazing rapture, and transport,
I sent this Lord to bring you to my Court.
Jul. Sir, I am married to a valiant Lord,
Who has serv'd *Cæsar* nobly with his Sword.
Cal. He loves thee not; else he wou'd love to shew
The happiness in thee his stars bestow:
For all Mankind are ostentatious, vain;
And pleasures, when expos'd, most entertain.
Men think their fortunes droop, when they're conceal'd,
And pleasure sweetest, when 'tis air'd reveal'd.
And of my Empire too, he has possest
A part, I value above all the rest;
By *Venus*, I wou'd rather quit my Throne.
Madam, I may, and will assume my own.
Jul. A thousand painful deaths I'll rather chuse.
Cal. I die a painful death if you refuse.
Madam, my Time, nay more, my Life you waste;
Yes, Madam, now 'tis Treason to be chaste.
Jul. Sir, for the World I'd not my Honour lose.
Cal. Oh! I'm the Fountain whence all Honour flows.
Yes, Madam; sure you are not to be told,
Men honour nothing more than Pow'r, and Gold.
I can make Vertue scorn'd, and Vice esteem'd;
I can make Hell ador'd, and Heav'n blasphem'd.
Success, Dominion, and the longest Sword,
Make any Creeds believ'd, or Gods ador'd.
Jul. Oh! save me! save me! all you Pow'rs above!
Cal. I will hear nothing, from that voice, but love.
Jul. Assist me, gracious Gods! without delay!
Cal. Does she love noise? then let my musick play.

[Cal. *forces her out; she shrieks, and the Musick plays.* Vit. *follows. Enter at another door* Cesonia, *looking in a glass.*

Ces. This Bath has cleans'd my blood, and made it thin;
Has reviv'd all the Lillies in my skin,
The Roses in my cheeks, with such a red
The blushing morning leaves her watry Bed.

This

This way my *Cæſar* went, as I'm inform'd——
The door is ſhut the Caſtle muſt be ſtorm'd. (*She knocks*, Vit. *anſwers within.*
Vit. Who's there?——
Ceſ. Your Empreſs.

Enter Vitellius.

I look wondrous well. [*She looks in the Glaſs.*
Now all my Sex, nay, I my ſelf excell:
Freſh Roſes in my Cheeks now ſweetly blow.
Your Emp'ror went this way not long ago.
Vit. Over that Beauty? Yes, I muſt confeſs,
That has been long his only Paradiſe.
There his heart liv'd, there his Lips often ſtray'd;
But *Cæſar* now is by new Beauty ſway'd. (*Aſide.*
Madam, your pleaſure with your humble ſlave?
Ceſ. I've buſineſs——
Vit. With your Glaſs;——I ſee you have.
Well, we have now three Empreſſes in Town;
This beauteous Empreſs here, whoſe falling Crown,
Unknown to her, ſits looſely on her head;
One Empreſs in a Glaſs, and one i' Bed. (*Aſide.*
Ceſ. I think I never look ſo clear and fair;
I'll ſteal on *Cæſar*, like a ſhape of air.
Vit. Moſt Sacred Madam, *Cæſar* now retires
For great affairs, and privacy deſires.
Ceſ. From me?
Vit. From all the World, for half an hour.
Ceſ. Dare you oppoſe me? then I've loſt my power;
And ſome new beauty over *Cæſar* Reigns:
My blood will ſtart out of my ſwelling Veins.
Vit. *Cæſar* indeed, too often to his coſt,
Injures himſelf and you; himſelf the moſt:
And your misfortune you have rightly gueſt.
Ceſ. My heart can never have a moments reſt.
Why do I loyter whilſt my int'reſts bleed? (*She offers to go,*
Ha! ſtop me: You are a bold bawd indeed (*and he interpoſes.*
Wert thou a flaming Mountain I'd not ſtay,
But thro' thy burning bowels force my way.

Enter Caligula.

Cal. How now? from whence is this preſumptious noiſe
Who dares break in on *Cæſar*'s Privacies?
Ceſ. Love is the offender, Sir; Love urg'd me on
To ſtay your heart, e're 'tis for ever gone.
For I am told, my Intereſts decline;
You have found Beauty that charms more than mine.
Cal. Come, Madam, y'are Luxurious, Haughty, Vain;
Cæſar you love, becauſe you love to Reign.

Ces. *Cæsar* I love more than his Glorious Crown;
And I love *Cæsar* let him ſmile or frown.
Ætna did never with more fury burn:
I love to madneſs, and as madly mourn.

Cal. Oh! you are mad no doubt, for who is not?
Cowards are mad, they fear they know not what.
What death is to the living ne're was ſhewn:
Life is not more to the unborn unknown.
The brave are mad, for fame they'll madly die,
Which after death they hope not to enjoy.
The Learn'd are mad, and madly tear their brains
For knowledge; which no mortal e're attains.
And what confuſion from Learn'd madneſs ſprings,
Among Religions, Laws, States, Realms, and Kings?
And yet in Schools, where thoughtfull madneſs Reigns
The mad are free, and Books are bound in Chains:
The Vitious are all mad, by Laws confin'd:
The Vertuous are more mad, themſelves they bind:
And *Jove* was mad, when he made mad Mankind.
There's one great flaw runs through the Earth and Sky;
And ev'ry God and Man is mad, but I.

Ces. Wou'd I were mad; I ſhou'd be more at eaſe,
And have no ſenſe of all my Miſeries.
New Beauties vanquiſh *Cæsar* ev'ry hour;
Then how does raging grief my heart devour?
My heart to *Cæsar* fixt, more torment feels,
Than if he dragg'd me at his Chariot wheels.

Cal. I love, and hunt variety, 'tis true:
And does not Mother nature love it too?
Good Gods! how does ſhe vary humane mold?
She often makes new faces o' the Old.
If any have in Life continued long,
We always ſay they're Old, we do 'em wrong;
And if we call'd 'em Young, 'tis but their due,
Their Shapes and Features are entirely new.
How oft does nature change us e're we die?
She loves new faces, then why ſhou'd not I?
In chace of change my Nature loves to run,
Yet to amazement I have doted on.
Two years and more, I have thy will obey'd;
Others enjoy'd ſeem in a night decay'd.
They've ſprung to *Cæsar*'s Bed, young, lovely, gay;
And I have thought 'em old by break o' day,
Have thought 'em dead with age: and I've decreed
To burn 'em or embowel 'em with ſpeed.

But to thy arms I've been two years confin'd;
Th'art an Enchantress and canst fix the wind,
Back to its spring canst make a torrent run,
And stop the fiery Chariot o'the Sun.
The Beauty only cou'd not have the Power
To fix my heart: never see *Cæsar* more.

Ces. Oh! these eternal Tempests who can bear?
I'll rather sink into profound despair.
I'm hourly broken on a golden shore,
A barren beach cou'd not afflict me more.
I never in your presence will appear;
I'll Labour to forget you ever were.
No Image of you shall my griefs renew:
And so a long farewell to Love and you.

Cal. Come back?

Ces. Only to love, and mourn in vain,
And be a follower, id my Rivals train?

Cal. I'll have thee wrack'd, to make thee own the art,
Which thus eternally enslaves my heart.
When any one but thee I've oft embrac'd,
Corrupted Water has a sweeter taste.
But thee I never can abandon long:
Thy tempting Beauty, and Inchanting Tongue,
Soon make the wandring Gods of Love return;
And now once more with violence I burn.

Ces. Oh! *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*! tempt my heart no more?
For can I moderately Love, Adore,
A Prince so Great, so Graceful, so Divine?
Ah! what do I enjoy whilst *Cæsar*'s mine?
And when I loose his heart, does he believe
That I can calmly, moderately grieve?

Cal. I know in Love my Godhead I exert,
Therefore I'm lov'd by thy voluptuous heart.
Cast from thy mind all jealousie and fear;
I'll ne're forsake thee, by my Life I swear.

Ces. Your heart no beauty scarce an hour endures:
I could dwell years upon a kiss o' yours.

Cal. Thou art a Golden Harp Divinely tun'd,
What Statue wou'd not dance to such a sound?
Rase from thy memory my sinfull hours,
And all my little vagabond amours;
They're meteors, and like other vagrants poor;
Soon wast their fires, and then appear no more.
Others no more the riots can supply
Of such an *Epicure* in Love as I;

Then

Than a *Plebeian* fortune can support
My Guards, my Fleets, my Armies, and my Court.
But my excursions from thy arms improve
Thy joys and mine, and make new springs in Love.
So an *Arabian* gains by his retreats,
The livelier sense of his o'recoming sweets.

Ces. Cost what it will, to *Cæsar*'s arms I'll fly,
I cannot pay too dear for so much joy. (*She runs to* Cæsar's *embraces.*

Cal. Oh! Welcome to my arms my Charming Love?

Ces. Welcome to mine, my young Illustrious *Jove.*
Oh! my excess of Love gluts *Cæsar*'s heart.
If I were wise I'd temp'rate Love with art;
But I am too immoderately kind.

Cal. Have I a temp'rate and a mod'rate mind?
Is *Cæsar* to thy heart no better known?
Give me extravagant delights or none.
Mod'rate delight is but a waking dream:
And of all pleasures Love is the supreme.
And therefore Love immoderate Love deserves:
Excess o'recomes, but moderation starves.
Fear not my wandrings; for go where I will,
I'm in my Empresses dominion still.

Ces. And tho' he wonders, I love *Cæsar* still.
Cæsar! methinks the name of *Cæsar* charms.
Cæsar I love, tho' in a Rivals arms.
More in my own embraces, I confess:
And I will Love to infinite excess.

Cal. Love to excess, th'art infinitely fair,
In my delights I can no limits bear.
But (for what reason never cou'd be known)
Our joys have bounds, and our desires have none. (*Ex. Cal. Ces. Attendants, Guards.*

Enter Valerius Asiaticus.

Val. A. Oh! I have met with News, which makes me flame;
And every eye upbraids me with my shame.
My services have met a kind reward:
The hour I quitted my Domestick Guard,
The Emperors Bawds ravish'd my Wife away;
And he's devouring now the Luscious prey.
She comes ——

Enter Julia.

Oh! *Julia*! what has *Cæsar* done?

Jul. Oh! my Lord! leave me to my griefs alone.
Do not look on me, I'm a hatefull sight,
And long to hide in everlasting night.
As in my Garden I walk'd all alone,
Securely, as I thought, unseen, unknown,

The

The Emperor, from an Apartment nigh,
Often beheld me with a greedy eye,
And forc'd me thence.— Let me not tell the reſt;
Oh! thou moſt wrong'd of Men, and yet the beſt.
Val. A. New Giants have bound *Jove*, ſo he lies ſtill,
And lets this filthy Tyrant take his fill
Of Whoredom, Blood, Rapes, Inceſt, what he will.
Had *Ceſar* raviſh'd from me all my Lands,
Bottomleſs treaſures, numberleſs commands,
But to thy beauty never had approach'd,
Had left me thee unblemiſh'd, and untouch'd;
My heart is ſo devoted to thy love,
I wou'd not have chang'd happineſs with *Jove*.
Jul. Oh! my dear Lord, your wrongs with patience bear,
Truſt not your dang'rous paſſions to the air.
Val. A. Revenge, revenge, my love I muſt purſue,
The Tyrant with more eaſe I can ſubdue.
And fear him not; for as the lofty Sky,
And bright full Moon, attract a mad man's eye,
This gawdy Tyrant's meditations gaze
On the bright ſplendors that around him blaze,
And ſo to others no regard he pays.
Like a fierce Panther I will hunt my prey,
And with his blood waſh all my ſpots away.
Come, let me lead thee home.
Jul. Can you endure
To touch, or to approach one ſo impure?
I hate to touch my ſelf; to draw my breath
It makes me ſick; and I am ſick to death.
For Love I prize, for Love I loſe my life;
I liv'd your chaſte, and die your martyr'd Wife.
Val. A. Oh! *Ceſar*! *Ceſar*! thou ſhalt feel my Sword;
Shall is too ſluggiſh, and too faint a word.
The Tyrant's fallen, on his Neck I tread;
He's dying by my Sword; nay more, he's dead.
But can one death for all his crimes atone?
He breaks thy Laws: Oh! Nature! break thy own.
Let him have many Lives, be often born,
That he may often be in pieces torn.

ACT V.

Enter Julia *and her Women.*

Jul. RUN to my Lord, desire his swift return,
For I've drunk Poyson, and I burn, I burn,
Enter Valerius Asiaticus, *and* Annius Minutianus.
Oh! my dear Lord! I've done my honour right,
And Death will soon transport me out o' sight;
For I am all in a consuming flame,
I burn with poyson, and I burn with shame.
Val. A. With poyson?
Jul. Poyson; but I've never been
With a worse poyson tainted, shameful sin.
Oh! I abhor the thought.
Val. A. I've no distrust.
Jul. I've been inviolably true, and just.
No one can have a Soul more clear than I.
From foul desires; — for *Cæsar*'s sin I die.
Val. A. I do believe thou art as chaste as fair;
Wound not thy wound.d heart, thy griefs I share.
How much I value thee thou hast not known,
Because I love thee more than can be shown.
I, out of love, conceal'd thee in a shade.
Jul. And your Commands I boldly disobey'd,
And came to *Rome*. ——— [*She kneels.*
The fatal fault forgive;
And, at the least, oh! love me, whilst I live.
Val. A. Ay, and for ever; rise, sweet *Julia*, rise,
Rise to my arms, thou life of all my joys,
But a departing life my *Julia* dies.
Jul. Oh! wou'd to Heav'n I had dy'd, before
This shameful violation. —— Oh! no more.
My blushing cheeks glow with a fiery red;
In thy dear bosome, let me hide my head.
An. M. How blest was he, before this heavy wrong,
In a soft beauty, constant, chaste, and young.
In this sweet Lady all perfections joyn;
I never had a pleasing hour with mine.
Jul. When I am dead, strew me all o'er, I pray,
With flow'rs, to shew that I was chaste as they.
Val. A. As sweet, and lovely too.
Jul. They fade, and die,
When they are rudely touch'd; and so do I.

Oh!

Oh! my blood riſes, my cheeks glow again;
Why ſhou'd I bluſh for wicked *Caſar*'s ſin?
Val. A. The leaſt undecent thought thou canſt not bear;
Thy Vertue, to its ſelf, is too ſevere.
Jul. Oh! ſee! the Souls of Veſtal Virgins come,
To welcome me, and grace my martyrdom;
They're all in Robes, whiter than mountain Snow.
Val. A. Alas! ſhe raves.
Jul. Do you not ſee 'em?
Val. A. No.
Jul. Then I perceive, the modeſt beauties ſhun
The ſight of men; therefore begone,——begone.
I ſhall in triumph to *Elizium* go;
'Tis a great honour, Ladies, you beſtow.
Oh! they retire.——Ladies, return again,
Admit me into your ſacred ſpotleſs Train.
I'm chaſte as you, tho' not ſo fair in fame;
For wicked Tongues, I know, will wrong my Name,
Throw on my mem'ry undeſerv'd diſgrace;
But your ſweet Groves will hide my bluſhing face.
Oh! they are going, ſtay ſweet Virgins, ſtay;
They're gone! they're gone! y'ave frightned 'em away.
And I'm with ſtrangers left I know not where.
Val. A. Th'art in his arms, to whom th'art wondrous dear.
Jul. Ha! you are *Caſar*.
Val. A. No, ſweet *Julia*, no;
I'm *Caſar*'s mortal, and eternal foe.
Jul. Well, y'are a man, and ev'ry man I dread.
—Who's this? my Lord? I knew not what I ſaid.
In my few moments, that my thoughts ſhou'd rove
From him, whom I ſo dearly, dearly love.
Val. A. Lean, lean, my *Julia*, on my panting breaſt,
My love and ſorrow cannot be expreſs'd.
Jul. I'm going where no wicked Tyrant reigns;
Preſerve my mem'ry.
Val. A. All thy dear Remains.
Jul. Heav'n knows how I've been faithful to your Bed?
I've lov'd you to my death, ſhall love when dead.
Elizium can to me no bliſs afford,
Till in thoſe happy ſhades I meet my Lord:
Till then—farewel.—— [*She dies.*
Val. A. She's going——ſhe is gone.
Ah! ſee, what beaſtial tyranny has done.
Her beauty's gone; Death has deflowr'd her too,
What I ſo lov'd I've not the heart to view.

Cover her face; forbear a while – those pale
Departing beauties, Death too long will veil.
I will have one cold kiss before we part. (*Kisses her.*
Revenge! Revenge! Oh, how it swells my heart?

An. M. Be well prepar'd; *Rome* loves a vitious Prince,
All the corrupt will rise in his defence.

Val. A. Well, if *Rome* rises, I will raise it higher,
For I'll exalt it to the Clouds in fire.
But 'tis dispirited, and dares not rise;
And *Cæsar*'s scorn'd by all the brave and wise.

An. M. Proud Tyrants who no bounds of law endure:
Are common foes; and never are secure;
Their lofty Thrones they seldom long enjoy:
Streif Lyons all men labour to destroy.

Val. A. Oh, tremble *Cæsar*; prodigies appear,
Which say, if there be Gods, thy fall is near.
Prodigious Vertue in this Beauty shone;
Her Cause and Justice live, tho' she is gone,
Thy own prodigious Crimes th'ast cause to dread;
Vengeance they'll hurle at thy devoted head.
Eclipses are thought frightfull omens too:
This sad Eclipse thou may'st with terror view,
It threats thy life — — View it, ye Gods forbid;
His frantick Lust wou'd violate the dead.
Methinks I talk too much in words abound,
And my Revenge evaporates in sound.

An. M. Will you not set the gallant *Cassius* free?

Val. A. And steal by stabs, revenge, and liberty?
My honour in full splendor I'll maintain,
I'll by fair War end this inhuman Reign.
This night, for mine, and universal good,
The Sun shall set in blood, Imperial blood. (*Ex.*

SCENE, the Court.

Enter Caligula, Vitellius, *Guards.*

Cal. Beauty I love, but I hate toilsome Rapes;
I love good Wine, but won'd not tread the Grapes.
The Chast are cold, therefore I hate the Chast;
Fruites in cold climes have an insipid tast.
I'm told by Oracles my death is nigh.

Vit. Your death!

Cal. my death; all I suspect shall die.
Valerius first shall perish by my Sword;
He can in battle face his Sovereign Lord.

Vit. Nay,

Vit. Nay, he's provok'd, and therefore dangerous grown.
Cal. Provok'd by pride to mount th' Imperial Throne.
And by Revenge provok'd to take my life,
Becauſe I forc'd his fair, young vertuous Wife.
Caſſius Cherea's honeſt, tho' not bold:
Valerius has confin'd him, I am told.
In the mad Revels of his Rage, no doubt,
Valerius let ſome dangerous ſecrets out,
Which now he'd lock up in the dark from me:
But I'll unravel all the Villainy.
Vit. The *Jews* inform'd, that if they dare deny
To worſhip *Cæſars* Image, they ſhall die;
Bey Audience.
Cal. Villains — They wou'd not preſume
To ſlight my Will, had they not found in *Rome*
Rebellious ſpirits: and when they appear,
A Prince's fall and death are oft too near.
Nay, a young *Roman*, I reprov'd of late,
For being Wanton, Soft, Effeminate,
Uſeleſs to *Cæſar* and to all mankind
Except the Fair——has fawcily deſign'd
To wed a *Jeweſs*, now in *Cæſar*'s Court:
With *Cæſar*'s anger none ſhall dare to ſport.
I'll reform *Rome*, and all ſhall feel my Sword,
Whoſe names are written in this black Record, (*He pulls out a Pocket Book.*
Then I'll to *Egypt*, where I'm moſt ador'd.
Bring in the *Jews*.

Enter Philo *and the* Jews.

Cal. What wou'd you have?—— (*To* Phi.
Thoſe carvings there look well—— (*To* Vit.
Phi. Permiſſion, Sir——
Cal. Permiſſion to Rebel?——
Phi. We Sacrifice for *Cæſar* every day.
Cal. You Sacrifice for *Cæſar* oft, you ſay,
But not to *Cæſar*. How dare you preſume
To give my honour to I don't know whom?
Phi. Leave to enjoy thoſe rights we humbly crave,
Your glorious Anceſtor *Auguſtus* gave.
Cal. What are thoſe rights?
Phi. They're by long cuſtom known;
And all deriv'd by the Imperial Throne.
The *Alexandrians* ſlight our lofty claim;
And hourly put our dwellings in a flame,
Plunder our Treaſures, ſeize on all our Lands,
And often in our blood embrue their hands.
The lives of thouſands——

Cal. Ha! the lives you say?
Oh! now my Water-works begin to play. (*He runs to the side of*
Phi. Audience from *Cæsar* Water works can gain; (*the Stage.*
A bleeding Nation humbly begs in vain.
Cal. These streams are sweeter murmurers than you:
Now these apartments let's a moment view.
(*He goes to the other side of the Stage.*)
See there Gods ride on Clouds.
Vit. Can painting give
A life to shadows, one would think they live.
Cal. You've rights deriv'd from the Imperial Throne? (*To* Phi.
There I'll have Windows of transparent Stone. (*To* Vit.
Which shall the fury of the Sun allay
The fiery River of a flaming day,
Will through those channels coolly, mildly pass:
Glass windows in hot climes are burning-Glass
Have you a Patent? —— come let it be seen ——
Phi. Under the Imperial Seal ——
Cal. Of Heaven you mean;
For you are the Almighty' darling choice:
Your pray'rs have in Heaven a casting voice.
And all your Rams which at your Altars dye,
Prove batt'ring Rams, it seems and force the Sky.
Go; you are cheated fools or sawcy cheats:
And above *Cæsar* raise your vain conceits:
Throw down the Statues of the World's great Lord,
Whilst your Imaginations are ador'd,
I will put all your Nation to the Sword.
Vit. A Glorious Prince!
Phi. We patiently resign
Our selves to Heavens Will.
Cal. And shall to mine.
You have a Daughter now in *Rome*, 'tis said,
Whom a young *Roman* dares presume to Wed.
Enter Pastor.
Oh! *Pastor*, you've a Son, who dares design
To wed a fair young enemy of mine.
Past. I never heard this dreadfull News before;
If Thunder-stricken cou'd I tremble more?
Phi. Sir, our unhappy Children I perceive,
Have wickedly without their Parents leave
Or knowledge, stollen into a Marriage vow,
I never knew they Leagu'd or Lov'd 'till now.
Cal. On this offence, I'll lay a dreadfull fine;
Which shall be paid, by thy Sons blood or mine. (*To* Past.

Secure

Secure the old Knight; and then with ſpeed and care,
Search for his Son: Conceal him they that dare.
Philoſopher, you'd have your Tribes ſubmit,
Not to my Will, but to your aſpiring Wit.
Say my pretences to Celeſtial power,
Are lofty frolicks of my mind, no more;
Will you preſume to give my pleaſure Law?
I'll be ador'd to keep the World in awe;
Ay, and by you; if you dare diſobey,
Your death ſhall be among my ſports to day. (*Ex.* Cal. Vit. *Guard.*
Phi. We muſt adore him; if he's diſobey'd, [Paſ. *lead out a Priſoner.*
We dye, for *Cæſar*'s ſport were Nations made
By power Celeſtial, infinitely good,
For *Cæſar*'s Luſt to glory, power, and blood?
Enter Lepidus.
Oh! Sir! you've wrong'd me; cruelly beguil'd
Your Friend of his belov'd and only Child.
Lep. Indeed I have not, Sir; I will confeſs,
I ſought to gain her, but with no ſucceſs.
Sir, my addreſſes ſhe wou'd not receive,
Or lend an ear to 'em, without your leave;
And that I ſought not, for I fear'd 'twas vain,
I know your zeal: But, Sir, did ſhe complain?
Phi. I heard the News in Court, and not till now:
It has reach'd *Cæſar*'s ears, I know not how.
The Emperor no contempt with eaſe endures;
'Till you appear, your Father he ſecures.
And if from *Cæſars* fierce Revenge you fly,
Your aged Father for your fault will die.
(*Exit* Philo *and the* Jews, *at one door*? *At another*, *Enter* Salome.)
Lep. Oh! Lovely Maid! for death I muſt prepare,
My ſweet commerce with one ſo wondrous fair,
Has fallen, it ſeems, under the envious Eye
Of ſome Court-whiſperer, and I muſt die.
Sal. This dire event, I always did forebode,
And loſt the pleaſure which thy Love beſtow'd.
I've lov'd thee tho' my Love I have not ſhown,
More than 'twas fit a modeſt Maid ſhou'd own.
Lep. Oh! what delightfull harmony I hear?
But I muſt meet the death, which is too near;
For angry *Cæſar* now in Court ſecures
My tender Father, and he threatens yours.
If I abſcond they both will die, I fear;
Therefore, to ſave 'em both I muſt appear.
Sal. Ah! dreadfull News! then th'art enſnar'd indeed,
Almighty Father of the World with ſpeed

To

To this brave pious Youth send succour down;
For the Religion to his Father shewn.
Let not the World so great a treasure loose;
But let some other Angel interpose.
Lep. Some other Angel? then thou think'st me one,
What happiness I loose? I must be gone,
Methinks I hear my suffering Father groan.
Farewell, sweet Love———
Sal. Farewell? ah! killing word;
He parts from me to rush on *Cæsar*'s Sword
From loving me my genrous Lover dies.
Lep. And yet that Love above my life I prize.
Ah! *Cæsar* comes? trust me to Heavens defence,
But not thy Beauty to this Luitfull Prince.
Sal. Oh! I had rather be in pieces torn
By raging Lyons, or in *Ætna* burn. (*Ex.* Sal.
Enter, at another door, Caligula, Vitellius, *Guard.*
Lep. Sir, to redeem my Father, I appear
Unforc'd, unfound, and come a Voluntier.
Cal. You love a Jewess.
Lep. Sir, I do indeed.
I love her Beauty, Vertue, not her Creed.
We may accept good Forreign Coin, tho' there
The Images of *Cæsar*'s Foes appear.
Cal. Were she worth Love, she wou'd thy Love despise;
And rather choose a Lover, brave and wise:
Whose Cheeks are drain'd of all their blood by wounds,
But his good Sword with noble blood abounds;
His locks are gone, old time has cut that Comb,
But Fame and Wisdom sprout up in the room;
Then a young fool, whose brains flow all in hair,
But has no heart, and a wit bald and bare.
Lep. This from the most Effeminate Prince alive:
With thy own Lusts and Vices, *Cæsar* strive. (*aside.*
Cal. Too many worthless Youths now cumber *Room*,
Who derive all their honours from the Womb.
They bask in lustre, which their birth bestows,
And in the lap of Fortune dully dose.
To leave their sloath, and take a noble course,
The Trumpets seem with frequent summons hoarse.
The grumbling Drums urge 'em to War in vain;
The Drones have Warlick glory in disdain.
And from their wealth and ease no more can rise,
Then from their amber tombs poor lifeless flies.
Begone; th'art an offence to *Cæsar*'s eye:
Go to thy Father and prepare to die.

Lep.

Lep. My ſelf to death with pleaſure I reſign,
Hoping I ſhall redeem his life with mine. (*Ex.* Lep. *guarded.*
Cal. Go, let *Cherea* ſpeedily be brought.
Vit. He's come. *Enter* Caſſius Cherea, *with a Guard.*
Cal. A Priſoner, *Caſſius*? What's thy fault?
Caſ. Ch. My Lord, *Valerius*, who has been my Friend,
Sir, 'twas my great misfortune to offend.
Cal. Confeſs the truth, ſave thy own life and mine:
From his proud heart ſome dangerous deſign
Broke in thy hearing, e're he was aware,
And then he lock'd it up from taking air.
Caſ. Ch. He's cloſe and dark, I believe loyal too;
I love a Virgin in the dark, 'tis true,
Not Treaſon, Sir, with the moſt lovely face:
But I've not ſeen him ſince his laſt diſgrace.
Cal. His nature's viſible enough, he's proud;
He Courts the Senate, purchaſes the crowd,
By their aſſiſtance to aſcend the Throne:
Power is the Idol of his heart, 'tis known.
This night the memory of *Auguſtus* claims:
With all Magnificence, and publick games,
I fail not to adorn it, ev'ry year:
And I ſhall have a great aſſembly here.
This Evening my Tragedians repreſent
Some of thoſe Fables, Prieſts of Hell invent.
Then *Rome* ſhall be a Hell and flow in blood,
A noble Fable for an interlude.
Caſſius, I'll try the metal of thy Sword,
Thou ſhalt have the honour to obey thy Lord.
Caſ. Ceſar makes bloody hangmen of his Guard—
We to a noble Office are prefer'd.
When his mind changes (which will be ſoon,
For it has more new faces than the Moon,
And influences more this lower World)
We, by new hangmen, ſhall to Hell be hurl'd.
My reſolutions I have let you know,
And you embrac'd 'em; now let's give the blow,
For which ſick trembling *Rome* in ſecret longs:
Let's give her freedom and Revenge her wrongs.
The Tyrant by our aid, Robs, Burns, Devours:
Let's put an end to all her guilt and ours. (*Aſide to the Guards.*
Cal. Rome has inborn averſions to a Prince:
And I am warn'd to ſtand on my defence
By Oracles and Dreams— Sleep ſhuns my eyes;
I'm angry that I need ſuch poor ſupplies.

Time

Time by immortal natures may be ſpar'd;
But from ſhort life to take a third ſeems hard.
Vit. Thanks to the Gods in yonder beauteous Bower,
You ſlept of late.
Cal. How long?
Vit. Almoſt an hour,
Ten minutes ſhort: for, Sir, I proudly own,
I number'd 'em, and then I penn'd 'em down.
Whatever *Ceſar* does (a Prince ador'd
By half mankind) is worthy of Record.
Cal. Then did I dream from Heaven (where I was Crown'd)
Jove ſpurn'd me to the Earth; nay, under the ground.
The Earth then yawn'd, and with a frightfull roar
Clos'd o're my head, and I was ſeen no more.
Dark Treaſon lurks in *Rome*, I know not where.
I'm in diſorder——Rogues will call it fear,
And ſo will impudent Hiſtorians too;
How do they blacken Kings, they never knew?
Of their own vain imaginations proud
Into their ſtories ſawcily they crowd.
Their own Reflections, Dreams, and falſe Conceits;
So lie with Kings, in the ſame fine wrought ſheets,
All *Rome* but I, now with delight abounds:
Let Muſick try, with ſweet inchanting ſounds
To calm my ſtormy thoughts, to lull my care.
Muſick charm'd Hell and all the furies there

[*After a ſhort Entertainment of Muſick and Dancing; Shrieks and tumultuous noiſes are heard from behind the Scenes.* Vit. *goes out.*

My Guards! my Guards.

Re-enter Vit.

How now? does *Rome* Rebell?
Vit. One of your Statues ſhook and groan'd, then fell;
Th' aſſembly frightned then, in tumults roſe;
And with blood rain'd from Heav'n the pavement flows.
Cal. For *Ceſar*'s danger nature is in pain:
There is more truth in Marble than in Men.
The fall of *Rome*, or *Ceſar*'s death is near:
I'll have the blood of all I've cauſe to fear.
Go and prepare for this deſign to night,
And we'll to morrow forrage in delight. (*Ex.* Vit.
Caſ. Now our great work no longer let's retard.
Strike when I ſtrike. (*Aſide to the Guard.*
Sir, I am on the Guard: (*He approaches the Emperor.*
Be pleas'd to give the Word.

Cal.

Cal. Stay! let me see!——— *Priapus*;——that is a fit word for thee. [*Caſ. Ch. wounds the Emperor, and the Guard ſecond him. The Emperor falls.*

Cal. Ha! I am murder'd! murder'd! by my Guard!

Caſ. Ch. No, no; a murderer meets his juſt reward. (*The Emperor ſtrives to get up.*

Cal. I'm yet alive

Caſ. Ch. How many lives haſt thou?

Thou haſt a thouſand if th'art living now. (*They all wound him again.*

Had we not kill'd thee, thouſands muſt have dy'd

By us; as victims to thy bloody pride,

They cou'd no way, but by thy fall eſcape:

'Twas on my innocence a cruel rape.

Death I expect, and I'll prepare to die:

Not by the Councels of Philoſophy,

I will converſe with beauty more Divine,

And be inſpir'd by Love, and Songs, and Wine.

My ſelf for death with pleaſure I'll compoſe,

And give my life an entertaining cloſe. (*Clashing of arms is heard.*

What ſhou'd this mean? No matter what, away;

Leſt you be cut in pieces if you ſtay. (*Ex. Caſ. and the Guard.*

Cal. I am yet living, and the Villains fly;

I ſhall revenge my death before I die. (*He endeavours to riſe.*

Enter Valerius Aſiaticus, Annius Minutianus, *and their party, driving Soldiers before 'em.* Cal *riſes and ſtaggers.* Val. Min. *and their party return.*

Val. A. Where is this Raviſher of beauteous Wives,

Of Virgins, Realms, Religions, Laws, and Lives?

Cal. Valerius? then my death was thy deſign;

I'm butcher'd here, by Cowardly Rogues o' thine.

Val. A. Cowards I hate, and Cowardly treaſon ſcorn,

I'll keep unſtain'd the Lawrels I have worn.

A brave Revenge I fairly fought and won:

I've beat thy Guards, and thou art left alone.

I've given thy dreadfull power a dangerous blow:

Thou and thy lofty Throne both ſtruggle now.

Cal. I'm going!——going!——whither——who can tell.

Val. A. Whither all Tyrants go; to burning Hell.

Cal. I'd rather ſink into the Hell I dread,

Than at a Raſcalls foot---thus---lay my head. (*Cal. falls and dies.*

Val. A. So, he is fallen, he who lately trod

On all mankind, and call'd himſelf a God,

That he was mortal to his coſt he found,

And in his blood now wallows on the ground.

An. M. He wiſh'd all *Rome* had but one neck, 'tis ſaid,

That at one blow he might all *Rome* behead.

Val. A. Ay, but he found too many hands in Town;
And hands, it seems, as bloody as his own.
A debauch'd vitious Prince does often find
'Tis very dangerous to corrupt mankind.
'Tis odds, he by his own corruption dies,
And crimes by crimes justly the Gods chastize.
For *Cassius* speedily search all the Town,
For he has wrong'd my honour and his own.
He wrought, no doubt, the Villany I fear'd;
But by his death my honour shall be clear'd.

Enter Cesonia, *and her Woman.*

Ces. My *Cæsar* murder'd! stand away—— forbear;
Now I've lost *Cæsar*, what have I to fear.
Oh! here's my *Cæsar*, I so Lov'd, Ador'd,
Lord of the World, I'm sure *Cesonia*'s Lord,
Mangled by Villains, here in blood he lies,
In his own blood———*Cæsar*, who gave my eyes,
Ay, and my heart, such infinite delight,
Is now a mournfull, and a dreadfull Sight.
The World to me is all a desart now;
For a lost *Cæsar*, Gods, revenge bestow.
Revenge all Princes, by this horrid deed
All thrones are shaken, and all Princes bleed.
Revenge two Lovers, here by Villains torn;
One murder'd, and I only live to mourn
Revenge my Princely Babe, from *Cæsar* sprung,
It cannot sin, why shou'd it suffer wrong?
Now the Tree's fallen, the little branch will soon
Decay and wither—Oh! I faint!——I swoun——

Val. A. Help her.

Ces. Stand off; I've pleasure in my grief
Except revenge, I desire no relief.
Take up the precious relicks of your Prince:
Oh! take 'em up, whilst I've remains o' sence.
Oh! gently! gently! if you be humane,
His wounds pain me, and he feels all my pain
For his *Cesonia* he more dearly Loves,
Than all the beauties in th' *Elizian* Groves. (*They take up the Emperor.*
Come, my dead Lord, with thy *Cesonia* dwell:
In Love at least, I all my Sex excell.
Now in the dead, and death are all my joys;
I'll weep till tears and death have quench'd my eyes. (*Ex.* Cesonia *and her Attendants, with the body of the Emperor.*

Val. A. Unhappy Princess! the worst fault she had
Was an excess of Love, for one so bad

Now

Now bring the sentenc'd Pris'ners in, with speed,
Whose unjust deaths, the Tyrant had decreed.

Enter Pastor, Lepidus, Philo, *and the* Jews.

Your fortunes and freedoms I restore.
The tyrants dead, he'll plague the World no more.
Pas. The dreadfull Emp'ror dead! good news indeed.
Oh! to his Vices may no Prince succeed.

Enter Salome, *she runs to* Lepidus.

Sal. Oh! my dear Love!
Lep. My Love! art thou so near?
Oh! how durst thou expose thy beauty here?
Sal. Ask me no Questions, I am mad with Joy,
And have not sence to make thee a reply.
I in distraction came to die with thee,
Die in thy arms, and find thee safe and free.
Val. A. Go, marry; of each other take your fill;
And now you *Jews*, go, believe what you will.
Pas. Yes, marry, Son; th'ast nobly earn'd my leave.
Lep. Oh! with what joy this favour I receive.
Phi. Most Gallant Youth, not many minutes since,
When the keen weapon of a dreadfull Prince
Was on your Father drawn, you stept between;
Such an Example we have rarely seen.
Now shall we turn the edge of Law on you?
More favour to your piety is due.
My Daughter, Sir, I to your arms resign.
Lep. Oh! my dear Love, th'art mine.
Sal. And thou art mine.
Val. A. The Imperial Throne I can with ease ascend,
I know no power which can with mine contend:
But shou'd I reign, the World which thinks me proud
Will charge me with the Guilt of *Cesar*'s blood,
And say, the horrid Villany was done
By my command; that I might mount the throne.
I'd rather be an honest slave, I swear,
Than buy the Empire of the world so dear.

I never yet in crimes employ'd my Sword:
When I've the Senate to their right reſtor'd,
And reveng'd *Caeſar*, as our Laws require;
I'll to ſome quiet privacy retire,
And there diſarm'd, and all my powers laid down,
I will be great in nothing but renown,
And in my ſolitude till death I'll mourn
Over my Martyr'd *Julia*'s ſacred Urn. (*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. *Powell*, who Acted the Emperor.

SO mad a Tyrants part I act to day,
That you will think him mad who wrote the Play.
In Comick humours he takes moſt delight,
And yet he rants in Tragedy to night;
And ſtrives to give diverſion for an hour,
With a young Prince, mad with exceſs of power.
He had that mighty power you all deſire;
Power you all love, and labour to acquire,
Some have deſir'd a French Invaſion *here*
For under them, they hop'd to domineer:
But, Oh! ſhou'd France *this nobler Realm ſubdue,*
Ev'ry Dragoon wou'd be a Cæſar *too.*
Poor Rogues, who for three-half-pence ſell their Lives,
Wou'd lord it o're your Lands, your Selves, your Wives.
What wretched ſlav'ry is, we ſhew to day,
'Tis well you only ſee it in a Play:
Thanks to the Brave, who well deſerve their pay.
Some gentle pity we have hopes to move
By the misfortunes of ſweet vertuous Love.
The niceſt Lady need not bluſh to day,
At leaſt, at what the Women do or ſay.
Chaſt all the beauties are they repreſent,
Their loves are Conjugal or Innocent.
We are young actors; yet we hope to pleaſe
By Acting Love, for love with youth agrees.
You love the Actors, who have pleas'd you long;
But th' Images of Love ſhou'd all be young.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

SInging in Plays is grown so much in vogue,
I had some thoughts to sing the Epilogue.
Since singing such delight to you affords,
To please you, we'll all turn Canary Birds.
When I'm a Woman, which will be e're long,
No Man, I swear, shall have me for a Song,
If you'll tempt me, do it with glitt'ring Gold,
And those enchanting words, To have and hold.
I'll on those Terms yield to some worthy Man,
Have me he may, and hold me if he can.
Well, let me be an Actress I'm content,
Provided, Gallants, you'll give your consent;
I mean your gen'rous Encouragement.
But to the famous Actors you resort,
Who fled from us to an old Tennis-Court.
Thither let all the old Gallants repair,
And toss and racket the fine Beauties there,
Applaud, admire 'em, and do what they will:
If you young Sparks, will please sometimes to fill
And grace our House, with an alluring throng:
Methinks you shou'd, for most of us are young.
Tender young plants, most of our Women are;
Some, it is said, are ripe enough to bear.
Here's a Spring-Garden which deserves your care.

Per-

Persons Represented.

Mr. *Powell*,	*Caligula*,	Emperor of *Rome*.
Mr. *Williams*,	*Valerius Asiaticus*,	General of the Imperial Army in *Germany*.
Mr. *Simpson*,	*Annius Minutianus*,	A noble *Roman*, Married to one of the Emperor's Sisters.
Mr. *Mills*,	*Vitellius*,	Proconsul of *Asia*.
Mr. *Thomas*,	*Cassius Chærea*,	A Tribune in the Emperor's Guard.
	Pastor,	An old *Roman* Knight,
Mr. *Evans*,	*Lepidus*,	*Pastor*'s Son,
Mr. *Disney*,	*Philo*,	A Learned *Jew*, Embassador from the *Egyptian Jews*, to the Emperor.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Knight*,	*Cesonia*,	The Emperour's beloved Wife.
Mrs. *Temple*,	*Julia*,	A young beauty, Wife to *Valerius*.
Mrs. *Cross*,	*Salome*,	*Philo*'s Daughter.

Consuls, Senators, Guards, Attendants.

The SCENE, the Imperial Palace of *Rome*, the Time, the last hour of the Emperor's Life.

ACT

Books lately Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute in* St. *Paul's* Church-Yard.

A Mathematical Compendium, or the Description and Use of a new sliding Rule, by which many Useful and Necessary Questions in Arithmetick, Military Orders, Interests, Trigonometry, Planometry, Sterenometry, Geography, Astronomy, Navigation, Fortification, Gunnery, Dyalling, may be speedily resolved without the help of Pen or Compasses. By *William Hunt*, Philomath.

A Discourse upon the Nature and Faculties of Man, in several Essays: With some considerations on the Occurrences of Human Life. By *Tim. Nourse* Gent.

Familiar Letters, written by *John* late Earl of *Rochester*, to the Honourable *Henry Savile* Esq; and other Persons of Quality, with Love-Letters, written by the late Ingenious Mr. *Otway*, and several Letters written by Sir *George Etherige*, the late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. in two Volumes, each Vol. may be had singly.

Ovid Travestie: or a Burlesque on *Ovid's* Epistles, by Captain *Alexander Radcliff*.

The Novels, &c. of the late Ingenious Mrs. *Behn*, Collected into one Vol. *viz.* Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave. Fair Jilt, or Prince *Tarquin*. Agnes de Castro, or the force of Generous Love. The Lovers Watch, or the Art of Love. The Ladies Looking-Glass. The Lucky Mistake: And the History of the Nun, or fair Vow-breaker.

Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. By *William Wotton*, B. D. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Nottingham*. The Second Edition, with Large Additions. With a Dissertation upon the Epistles of *Phalaris*, *Themistocles*, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, &c. and *Æsop's Fables*, by Dr. *Bentley*.

The Family Physician; being a Choice Collection of Approv'd and Experienc'd Remedies, to cure all Diseases incident to Human Bodies, useful in Families, and serviceable to Country People, by *George Hartman* Chymist, Servant to Sir *Kelemn Digby*, till he died.

A General Treatise of the Diseases of Infants and Children, Collected from the most Eminent Practical Authors, by *John Pechey*, of the College of Physicians.

Contemplations Moral and Divine, in three parts, Written by the late Lord Chief Justice *Hales*, to which is added the Life of the Author, by *Gilbert* Lord Bishop of *Sarum*. The third part may be had singly.

Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick, the Second Edition, very much enlarged, by *John Hawkins* Schoolmaster at St. *George's* Church in *Southwark*.

Vade Mecum, or the necessary Companion, containing Sir *Sam. Moreland's* Perpetual Almanack, shewing the days of the Month for any year, Past, Present, or to come; a Table of the Kings Reigns since the Conquest, compared with the years of Christ. A Table of the Reign, wherein any numbers of Farthings, Half-pence, Pence and Shillings are ready cast up, of great use to all Traders. 6. The Interest and Rebate of Money, the Forbearance, Discount and purchase of Annuities. 7. The Rates of Post-Letters, Inland and Outland. 8. Account of the Penny-Post. 9. The Principal Roads in *England*, shewing the distance of each Town from *London*, also the Market Towns on each Road, with the days of the week the Markets are kept on; also the Hundred and County each Town stands in. 10. The names of the Counties, Cities and Burrough-Towns in *England* and *Wales*, with the number of Knights, Citizens and Burgesses chosen therein, to serve in Parliament. 11. The usual Rates and Fares of Coachmen, Carmen and Watermen. The Sixth Edition, much Enlarged.